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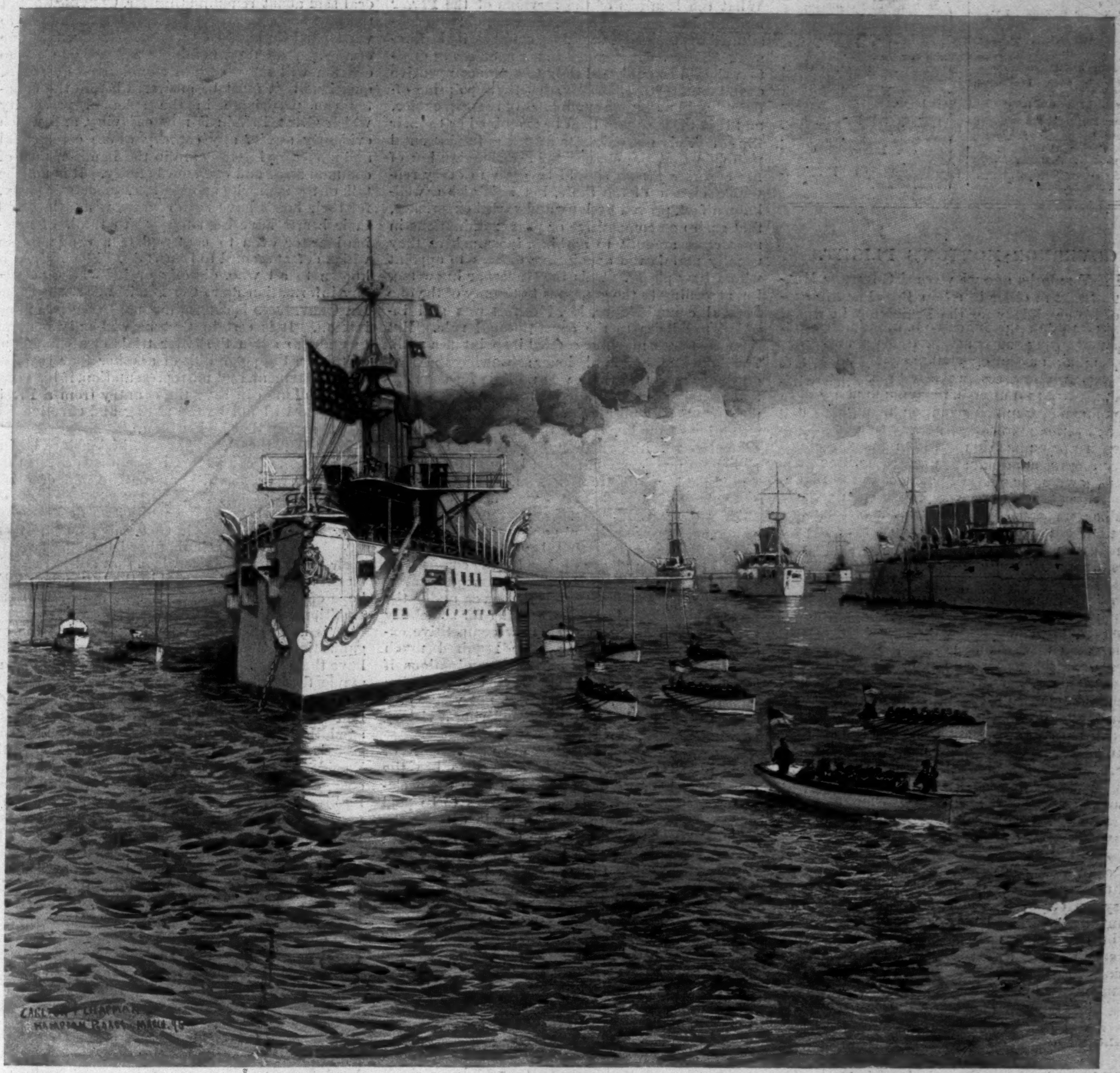

New York. *Cincinnati.* *Maine.* *Montgomery.* *Columbia.*

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS.

ILLUSTRATED BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

EVERY true American must look with pride and satisfaction on the story of our naval history. From the dawn of the Revolutionary struggle the colonies began to build and to equip ships whose vigorous work against the enemy contributed largely to the successful issue of that long contest. The war with France in 1800, and with Tripoli in 1803, and the brilliant victories of 1812, were achievements made possible by the building of as fine ships as could then be built and the early establishment in the naval service of such rules and discipline as developed the best energies of officers and men. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and incessant labor and care are the price of perfection in any service, and never more so than in the training and handling of a ship's crew. As the ship without the men would be useless and helpless, so would the crew be in vain unless brought by daily, endless drills into perfect working order, and to know the ship from top to bottom, inside and out, grooming the guns, scrubbing and cleaning, oiling and polishing. Every inmost recess of the ship must be cared for day by day. To the idle visitor at "Old Point" the ships swinging at their anchors in the windy reaches of Hampton Roads may seem but a splendid show, but from the sunrise gun to sundown the round of duties on board is constant, and for officers and men "squadron" is a trying time.

From the signal-yard of the flag-ship is always likely to fly the call for some unexpected test of energy and efficiency—boat drill, collision drill, fire drill, or the call to "clear ship for action." Any landsman who happens to be aboard ship when this takes place may be very glad to stay in some sheltered spot, and to watch from that vantage the hurry of men, the swift disposal of ornamental sky-lights and deck-houses, the knocking away of stanchions and railings, the boats swung out and overboard, the hoisting up of ammunition, and gathering of gun crews, who swing their polished beauties into place and are ready for command in a marvellously short time.

To see the water darken with innumerable boats filled with armed men and moving in divisions as one body, re-

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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GOVERNOR MORTON'S PLIGHT.

A FEW months ago we warned Governor MORTON that in order to retain Boss PLATT'S support of his candidacy for the Presidency he would be required to do things offensive to his conscience and ruinous to his good name; that his pursuit of the Presidential nomination would, as every sensible man now clearly foresees, prove, after all, a wild-goose chase; and that after his inevitable defeat in the Republican National Convention he might find himself a miserable wreck by the way-side, having sacrificed his principles, his usefulness as a public officer, and his reputation as a man for nothing, to be then thrown aside also as a squeezed-out orange by the political tricksters who had used him for their selfish purposes. Mr. MORTON, who, no doubt, has been a man of good intentions, may have thought himself shrewd enough to avoid these dangers, and to make a compact with the devil without selling his soul. The Presidential fever, that most insidious disease, which fills the minds of its victims with all sorts of deceptive hallucinations, may have made him actually believe that he could eat his cake and have it too. But the toils are now closing around him in a manner which, if he has not entirely lost his native good sense, should open his eyes to the fact that he cannot continue to obey the behests of the PLATT machine without losing altogether the respect of the community, and without demonstrating that, even if he could be nominated for the Presidency, thinking men would be loath to trust him again with the responsibilities of any important office.

The spoils politicians of both political parties in this State, the PLATT machine in unison with Tammany Hall, are now engaged in an organized campaign to set at naught that provision of the State Constitution which ordains the introduction of the merit system in the civil service, and they evidently count upon the Governor to further their ends. That the Governor has done so in the past can unfortunately not be denied. Immediately after his accession to office he put at the head of the State Department of Public Works a man of whom he must have known that he would employ all his power and ingenuity to use as political spoil for machine purposes all the positions under him, and that to this end he would strive in every manner possible to circumvent the civil service law. The Court of Appeals interfered with his lawless doings by a decision which emphatically declared the constitutional provision concerning the civil service to be the supreme law of the State, and to be self-executing. The spoils politicians thereupon proceeded, in open contempt of the Constitution, to provide in the RAINES excise law for a set of officers not to be subject to the competitive examination demanded by the Constitution whenever practicable. The RAINES law was evidently and notoriously designed to build up a vast and powerful political machine throughout the State. This was so clear upon the face of the whole proceeding that the Governor cannot possibly have been unaware of it. He was, indeed, so well aware of the unconstitutionality of the scheme that he actually referred to the State Civil Service Commission the question whether the bulk of the offices created by the RAINES act should not after all be put under the competitive rule.

Had he been mindful of the powers, duties, and responsibilities of his high office, he would have remembered that under the civil service law, as it stands, it was for him as Governor to decide that question. It will generally be understood as evidence of a weak and irresolute character when a man in high executive position seeks to shield himself behind others, and to shift responsibilities belonging to him. In this case it is especially significant that the Civil Service Commission was a body of the Governor's own making, and that he had composed it of one man faithful to the constitutional civil service system, and of two men belonging to the ordinary run of spoils politicians. In fact, one of these was so conspicuously unfit for the office of guardian of the civil service law that his nomination called forth an outburst of amazement and indignation from all parts of the State. What the leanings of the servants of the PLATT machine in the Civil Service Commission, who constituted the majority, would be, could easily be foreseen. They recommended that the offices in question should be subjected only to a non-competitive examination—that is to say, that the appointing officer should nominate candidates of his own choice, and that these should then be examined as to their fitness. This not only sets aside the fundamental principle that the chance for a demonstration of his superior fitness should be open to every reputable citizen of the State, but it is also a well-known fact, proved by long and varied experience, that such non-competitive or pass examinations in most cases amount to nothing, inasmuch as they usually permit the appointing officers to appoint whom they please. This the Governor knew too, for, according to the generous testimony of the one faithful commissioner, Mr. MORTON was still inclined to adhere to the constitutional rule. But then the PLATT machine carried its point at a rush. The State Excise Commissioner selected by the Governor declared that there was no time for competitive examinations, because he had to make his appointments without much delay, to be ready for the execution of the law at the time fixed. And Governor MORTON himself thought that mere temporary appointments would not do, because fit persons would not be willing to take them. Thus the Governor submitted, and the PLATT machine had its way.

Now the spectacle of this apparent struggle of virtue against overwhelming odds would be touching but for the fact that beyond dispute there would have been plenty of time for the competitive examinations had the Governor promptly after signing the RAINES act used his power under the law to order them, instead of waiting for somebody to prevent him. And even now competitive examinations would hardly have required much more time than the useless pass examinations if the Governor put the Civil Service Commission vigorously to work. Thus it was not virtue succumbing to fate, but virtue surrendering a victory within its grasp.

However, the spoils hunters are not yet sure of their prey. Comptroller ROBERTS, who has the courage of his duty, has stepped in with the declaration that he will not permit officers to be paid whose appointments have been made without the competitive test required by the Constitution. This would bring the matter before the courts, whose decision, according to the position recently taken by the Court of Appeals, could hardly be doubtful. This formidable blow the machine expects to parry by the passage of a law enabling the State Commissioner of Excise to pay the officers appointed without competitive examination himself without warrant from the Comptroller. The success of this scheme would open a way to spoils politicians to override the constitutional provision altogether, for the scheme might then be applied to every department of the service in the State. Another attempt is already made to exempt by law all employés of the law departments in the State and its municipalities from civil service examinations, and still other movements of the same kind are to be expected.

Governor MORTON is now confronted by the question what attitude he will assume with regard to these tricks. He should understand and consider this question well. Here is a concerted attempt by the political machines of this State not merely to get hold of certain offices as spoil, but practically to nullify an essential part of the Constitution of this State. It is a conspiracy the character of which must be as clear to the Governor as it is to everybody else. The Governor has sworn to maintain that Constitution. It is the plainest and the most solemn of his duties. He no doubt knows what this means. If he in any manner fail to exhaust all the resources of his power to defeat this spoils conspiracy against the Constitution, he will have to be regarded as giving aid and comfort to it. He will have no right to complain if it be said of him that he has been false to his oath and recreant to the first of his duties.

THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

THE Democrats are beginning to consider the subject of a Presidential candidate. Until recently it seemed as though they had not the heart to think about the matter. They were beaten so thoroughly at the elections which followed their great victory of 1892 that they had apparently lost all hope of success, and were at the opposite end of the orbit from the Republicans, who were, and still are, confident that the momentum acquired in 1893, 1894, and 1895 will be sufficient to carry them into complete power in 1896.

In the last few weeks, however, the Democrats have realized that a nomination must be made, and now we hear of possible candidates other than Mr. CLEVELAND. It is true that there has been a good deal said about renominating Mr. CLEVELAND, but the talk has come from those who speculate as to what parties may do, or who are hoping that one of the parties may nominate a candidate whose election will settle certain troublesome questions, questions that must be answered before the country can participate in the splendid prosperity which Great Britain is now enjoying, and which evidently awaits any country whose commercial and monetary interests are in the hands of men of common-sense and common honesty. It is not the talk of the men who manage the Democratic party, for their heads have been covered with ashes, and their hearts have been too sad to think of nominations, or even to contemplate a campaign in which defeat seemed to be certain. Moreover, it is known to all who, directly or indirectly, possess any information as to the President's wishes, that Mr. CLEVELAND is determined not to accept a nomination. It is certain that he will only consent to undergo again the bitter trials of a campaign, or to face the possibility of another four years of toil, harassment, and misrepresentation, if his nomination alone can save the country from a President who will not be the strong and effective foe of bad money that he has been.

Now that the Democratic politicians are beginning to talk of candidates, it is not surprising that we hear of suggested compromises and of other propositions of folly. They are characteristic of the party, perhaps of the politicians of both parties. The Democrats have excellent men—men who have proved their manhood by adherence to their political principles when that adherence has meant the sacrifice involved in the surrender of the hope of offices and positions that are dear to the ambitious.

It is not to its best men, however, that the organization is likely to turn if its leading politicians have their way. Mr. CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, for example, the head of the Democratic clubs, advises his party to assure the silver men that its candidate, if he be elected, will not necessarily veto a free-coinage bill; but that if a Democratic majority in Congress is mad enough to pass such a bill, a Democratic President will sign it, or, at least, permit it to become a law. Mr. BLACK was safe enough, because nothing is less likely at present than a Democratic majority in Congress; but the country does not want in the White House a man who will agree to sign a free-coinage bill even in such a remote contingency, and such a man will be defeated if he is opposed by one who may be trusted to protect the honor and credit of the government.

The Democratic party can least afford to be uncertain on the money question. It is now under grave condemnation, and the whole hope of success in which it may indulge has its source and its life in the threatened and expected mistakes of its opponents. It came into power in 1892 because its candidate was known to be a courageous and inflexible sound-money man, and because the country was weary of McKinleyism, and wanted the burdens of tariff taxation lightened, commerce made more free, and the corrupt hold of favored manufacturers over legislation broken. It has demonstrated that, outside of Mr. CLEVELAND and a few men who think as he does, it is not to be trusted. The country knows that if it had chosen as Presidential candidate in 1892 a Democrat in full sympathy with the Democratic majority in the Senate, and had succeeded, we should long before this have been suffering the pains and penalties of silver monometallism. It is Mr. CLEVELAND that has saved the country from the consequences of the ignorance and lunacy of such Democratic leaders as COCKRELL, VEST, GEORGE, JONES, DANIEL, MORGAN, PUGH, CALL, CRISP, and others whose names will readily occur to the reader. He could not save the country from the consequences of the betrayal of Democratic promises of which GORMAN, SMITH, BRICE, HILL, and MURPHY were guilty. The truth is that the currency system of the country is threatened by Democratic Congressmen, and that, instead of reforming the tariff, the Democratic

party is responsible for a tariff law that differs from the McKINLEY law mainly in the fact that it was dictated by the Sugar Trust instead of by all the beneficiaries of the tax. When to this is added that HILL and MURPHY still rule in the largest State of the Union, and that CROKER and SHEEHAN continue to rule in our largest city, some estimate may be formed of the crippled condition of the Democratic party as it enters upon a Presidential campaign. Nothing can save it from a most disastrous and destructive defeat, unless it drive its silver leaders, its tariff-traffickers, and its bosses into retirement, and nominate as its candidate for President a man who will be certain to follow Mr. CLEVELAND'S example in exerting all the power that the law bestows upon him for the protection and maintenance of the country's credit. Then, if the Republicans nominate a double-dealer, and one who would again turn over the task of making tariff laws to the beneficiaries of the taxes, the Democratic party will have a chance for success in the coming election.

RECENT INDIAN FRAUDS.

THE House of Representatives ought not to pass such a piece of private jobbery as that involved in the case of the "Old Settlers" attorneys' fund. The Western Cherokees, otherwise known as the "Old Settlers," had a claim against the government, which, after having been vainly presented to Congress several years, was at last referred to the Court of Claims, where judgment was given for $800,386 in favor of the claimants. Meanwhile the tribe had in council agreed to set apart 35 per cent. of whatever they might recover, out of which to pay the legitimate cost of prosecuting their claim. The general deficiency act of 1894 appropriated $800,386 to satisfy the judgment, at the same time directing the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to withhold, of the 35 per cent. set apart, "only so much as is necessary" to pay expenses and proper charges for legal services rendered.

This was the signal for the descent of an army of attorneys and lobbyists upon the Indian Office, where, within three months, enough bills were filed to exhaust the 35 per cent. twice over. The Commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior sifted these claims thoroughly, the Secretary giving patient hearings to all the claimants who desired to appear before him. Several of the bills were thrown out altogether as having no basis in fact, others were greatly cut down; but the Secretary was as liberal as he could honestly be to all who had rendered real service to the Indians, and every claim allowed by him was paid. His good-nature was thrown away upon the greedy horde, who straightway carried their claims to Congress, and induced the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs to group all their claims on two pages of the annual Indian appropriation bill, where they would receive only the most hurried discussion, if any, and where they were safe from a veto, as the President would have to veto the entire supply bill to get at this single job tucked away in it.

Of course the claims did not appear in the general bill in their monstrous entirety, for they would have eaten up three-quarters of the whole sum awarded to the Indians. The committee had judiciously scaled them down so as to fit the available total and maintain a symmetrical ratio to each other. One claim, for instance, was cut down from $80,000 to $1000; but as the fruits of such robbery would be pure profit any way, the claimants could afford to yield liberal concessions. As samples of the ostensible basis of the claims, it may be noted that two of them appear to have been for services rendered, not to the Western Cherokees at all, but to another band of Indians. A third was put in by a man who was not even an attorney by profession, but engaged in trade, and whose sole service seems to have consisted in acting as a messenger, and delivering to various members of Congress letters and memorials prepared by somebody else. A fourth was for services rendered, not to the Indians, but to one of their hired agents, and so on. Several of the claimants whose names appeared in the appropriation bill had already accepted payment in full at rates fixed by the Secretary of the Interior, but they saw here a chance of getting something more. Perhaps the most brazen demands were three based on contracts with the Indians to defend their fund against "all spurious, unfinished, or unreasonable claims of attorneys or other persons claiming to have rendered services, and yet this attempt to rob was agreed to by the Senate, such men as HAWLEY, PLATT, ALLISON, and SHERMAN voting against sending the claims to the Court of Claims."

AN ENGLISH VIEW.

THE following extracts are taken from a private letter written by a distinguished Englishman to a friend in this country. The writer represents a large and influential class of Englishmen who unfortunately do not now, and did not during the war of secession, wield political power. But behind the words of this Englishman, and this is the real importance of the utterance, is a fine spirit, the ascendency of which on both sides of the water would greatly make for the advancement of the world's civilization.

"I have never been so much upset or so inclined to feel hopeless about the future as lately. I have followed events with great anxiety, and I have done the little that was possible in what I know to be the cause of civilization, progress, and liberty. I have never ignored the fact that there was a strong feeling against us on your side of the water, but I confess its sudden exhibition of strength and the cause of that exhibition astonished me. If this feeling cannot be allayed, there must always be danger—danger that is shocking to contemplate. No war would be so disastrous to the world as one between our two nations. I feel that for us victory would be scarcely less deplorable than defeat. For we are all proud of you, and your progress has powerfully reacted upon us, quickening our pace and helping us to throw over our latent conservatism. War between us would stop our progress for a century. Its one result would be to throw the balance of power into the hands of nations whose methods of government are just what the Anglo-Saxon race justly detests. There is no *real* freedom in the world even now, except where our race holds sway.

. . . .

"In your war . . . it was the general hostility of our upper classes which caused resentment on your side, and Americans never to this day have understood that the mass of our people were for the Union. Had it not been so, had we still been in the dark ages of GEORGE III., war would certainly have occurred. It was the people of England that probed the crime. I have never admired Lord SALISBURY as a statesman. As regards America, he muddled the Bering Sea question, and he at first muddled the Venezuelan question very unwisely. Smart despatches are no evidence of statesmanship. It is an education to have followed the events of this year; but I sincerely hope they will not recur in my lifetime. What I feel most is a sort of helplessness to overcome your dislike—which must mainly reside among a part of your population which does not and never will honor Englishmen or their history. How can we break down this dislike?"

A "LIBERAL" PENSION BILL.

THE general pension bill which was brought into the House from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, and which is to be urged for passage as speedily as possible, is subject to the suspicion that it is a political measure, rather than a necessary or desirable modification of existing law. Mr. PICKLER of South Dakota, the chairman of this important committee, has been always a zealous advocate of liberal pensions, and it is assumed that he has behind him a constituency demanding that he shall support measures to broaden the avenues to pensions, and to remove from the path of the pension applicant the defences of the Treasury against greed and fraud.

Commissioner LOCHREN, the chief of the Pension Bureau, is a veteran of the war of the rebellion, a lawyer of ability, and a good officer. He has reviewed the work of the zealous and impulsive Mr. PICKLER, and finds that the PICKLER general pension bill is unnecessary and undesirable. He has reviewed it section by section, and he sent his notes upon the bill to the Committee on Invalid Pensions before the bill was reported. The PICKLER bill is a long one. Much that it seeks to do is already provided to be done, under sections of the law that more carefully guard the pensioner and the government.

Without undertaking to enumerate the many objections urged against the bill by the Pension Commissioner, it should be enough to sum them all up as being directed against that unwise modification of the laws that will make it easier for the undeserving to succeed, and more difficult for the government to protect itself against fraud. The pension business has run down. It is no longer the lucrative occupation that it was ten or fifteen years ago. Modifications of the law in the direction of removal of checks and restraints upon pension attorneys and claimants expand the opportunities of attorneys, which have been shrinking steadily as the number of unpensioned survivors of the war becomes less. It is safe to assert that the anxiety of the soldiers to have "more liberal" pension laws is less than the desire of the pension attorneys to find new occasions for collecting fees.

There were on the pension rolls in June last 970,524 pensioners. There were in the bureau 552,210 claims for pension or for increase, represented by 459,475 claimants, of whom 248,710 were upon the pension rolls, and 210,765 were widows or dependents not upon the rolls. Under the existing laws all of these pending cases would be disposed of fairly and properly. With the law amended as proposed by the Committee on Invalid Pensions, the obligation hitherto imposed upon the claimant to prove his title to a pension would be made easier, perhaps at the expense of the government, and to the profit largely of the pension attorneys, who have suggested the scope of many of the proposed amendments. It is estimated by the Record and Pension Office of the War Department, an important adjunct of the Pension Bureau, that there were on June 30, 1895, 1,154,810 survivors of the great army of the Union. Of these survivors there were reported on the rolls by the Pension Bureau 735,338, there were 116,177 awaiting action on their applications, and the papers of 150,209 were in the rejected or abandoned files. Colonel F. C. AINSWORTH, chief of the Record and Pension Office, has estimated that for every thousand survivors there have been 817.61 applicants for pension, and that 182.39 survivors in each thousand have not sought for pensions. These figures, not before used, will surprise many who thought that the proportion of pension getting or seeking survivors was larger.

A moment's consideration of the figures showing the number of pensioners asking for increase of pension will account to a considerable extent for the effort to secure relaxation of the laws that are in force to establish the eligibility of applicants or their unfitness to have the pension or the increase they seek. Behind the member pressing "liberal" laws are the pension attorneys who cultivate the susceptible veterans and their friends; the party that gives most is to get most. The party that opposes what is called liberality is unpopular. All the selfish objects of professional patriots, politicians, and pension attorneys are sought to be accomplished by cheap, theatrical, and unconvincing appeals to the Congress and to the country in the name of patriotism and for the sake of heroic deeds.

THE UNHEEDED MILITARY SERVICES.

WHAT has become of the bills relating to the *personnel* of the navy and the reorganization of the army? Probably, as was to have been anticipated, no action will be taken upon them, because Congress is unable to settle the controversies between officers that immediately and inevitably break out the moment that bills of this character are introduced. In other words, Congress is quite unfitted to command the military forces of the government. It can as intelligently regulate the method of rotation for ministers of the Methodist Church as it can determine the rules governing promotions in the line of the navy, or the best formations of regiments, or the proper proportional distribution of the officers and troops among the three branches of the army. Generally, it is true, incapacity to legislate on any given subject does not deter Congress from passing laws on that subject, but, in the matter of the two military services, interested parties in the services themselves having influence with leading legislators prevent action. Therefore the officers of the navy will probably continue, for years to come, to enter command rank and responsible duties as timid old men grown gray in carrying out the commands of others, who, if they are fitted, are so because they had the responsibilities of war thrust upon them in their youth. Therefore, also, the army will retain its present ancient formation, while officers stagnate in company commands until long after their bodies have become incapable of performing the physical tasks demanded of line officers. Under the command of Congress the navy *personnel* regulations rank with the old smooth-bore muzzle-loaders and the wooden walls of the olden time, and the army is still worse off. With its antiquated organization, its lack of a sufficient number of men to permit adequate military instruction for either officers or men, and its aged subalterns, it is a living and breathing monument to the incompetency of Congressional command.

And yet the Congressmen who are responsible for this ridiculous condition of our armed forces are not wholly witless. They know how to impress the imaginations of the people who cast the ballots that elect members of the House of Representatives, and, indirectly, Senators. So they order four big battle-ships and fifteen torpedo-boats, and appropriate $11,000,000 for coast defences. It is easy to deal in large generalities, but it would demand close study and hard thinking to provide for an efficient *personnel* to sail the ships and to mount and fire the guns, and therefore the Congressmen leave that task alone. Your modern Congressman does not like to waste any time in thought, and consequently the wonder is all the greater that he does not authorize the heads of the two services to organize the navy and army as experience gained in the practice of the profession of arms has taught them to be best and wisest, just as he authorizes the engineers to determine as to forts, and the ordnance bureau as to guns. At any rate, something is needed. The *personnel* of the two services is of more importance than ships or guns, and if it is not attended to the ships and guns will become decaying and rusty ornaments long before their lives have been half lived.

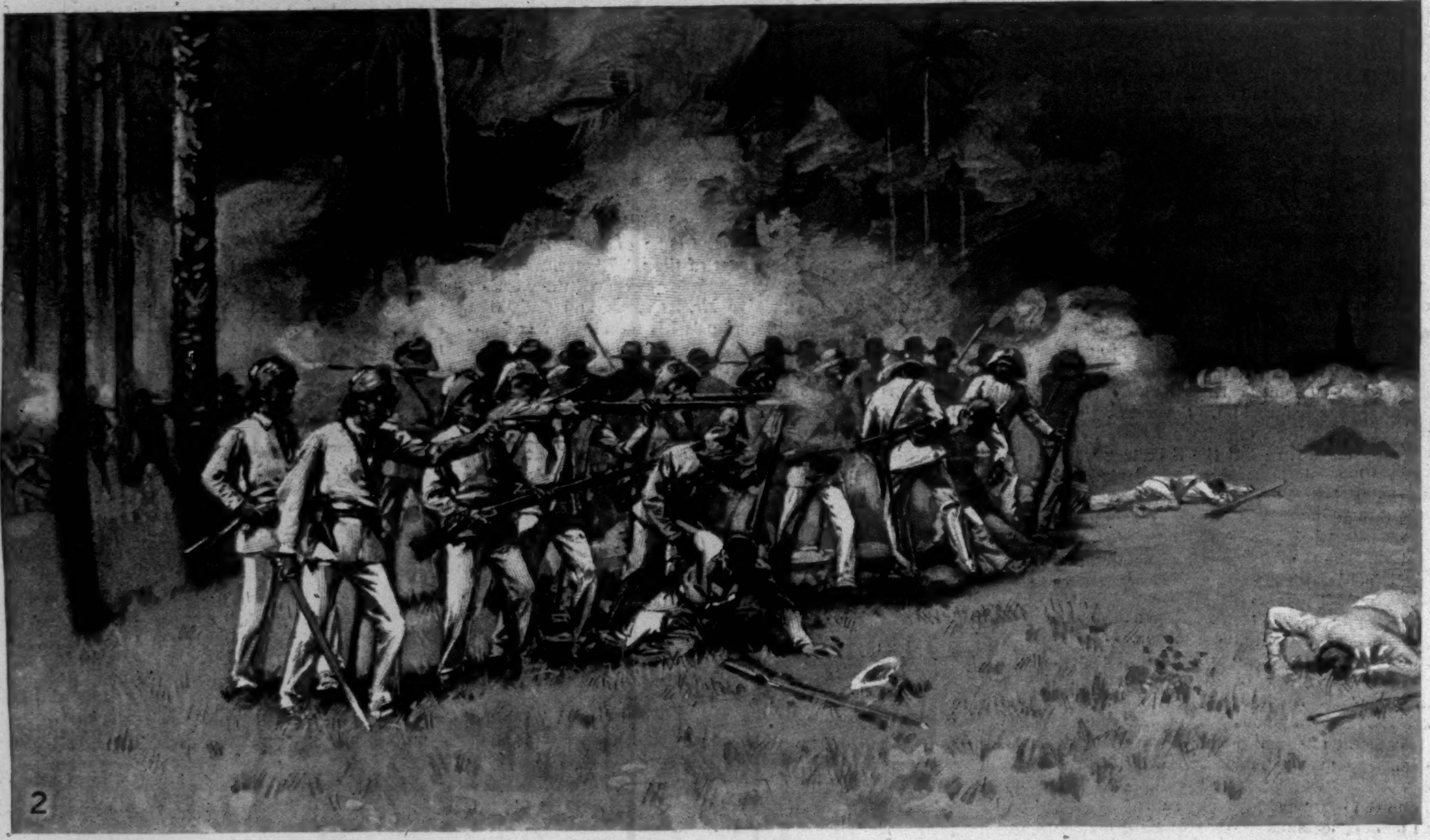
THE BARRAS MEMOIRS.

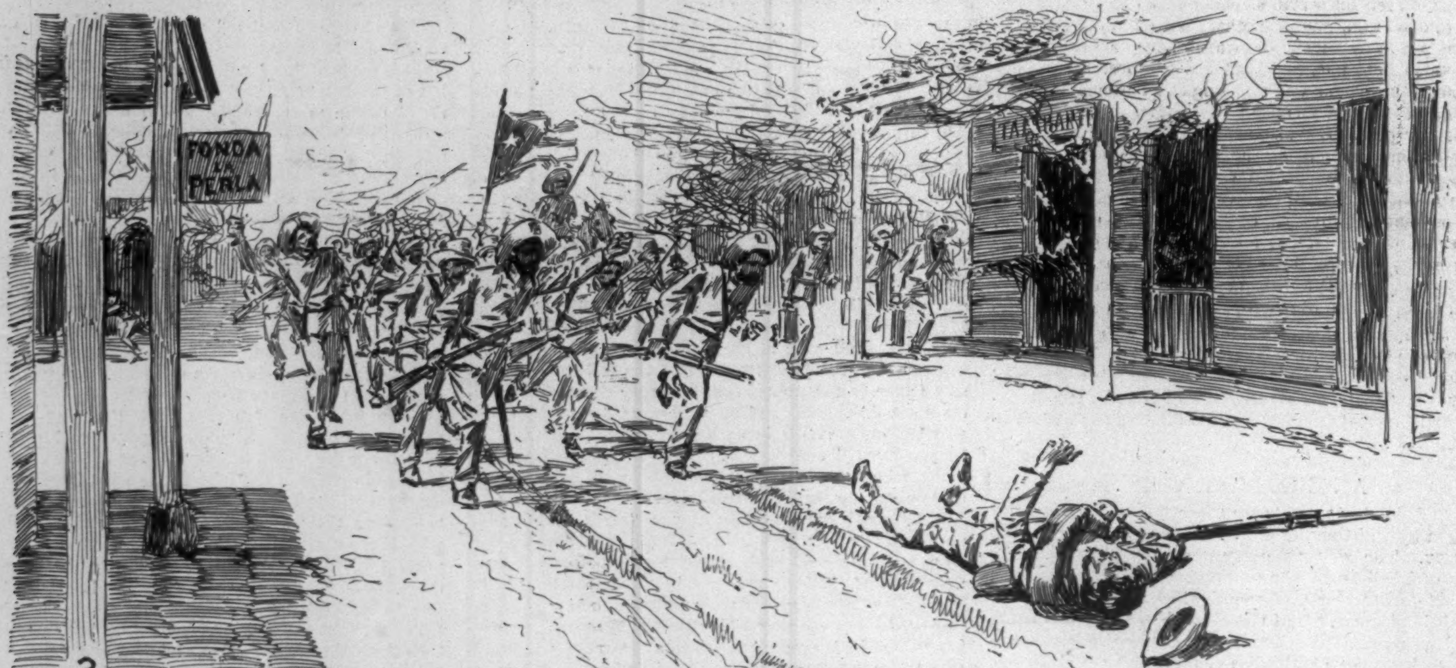
THE publication of the two concluding volumes of the memoirs of BARRAS completes an important contribution to our knowledge of an important historical period. Indeed, there is no single work known to us from which the reader can derive so clear a notion of how the French Consulate and ultimately the Empire came to succeed the Republic with so little resistance.

This change of national temper is explained by these volumes. The explanation is authentic and authoritative, for it is made at first hand, by the most conspicuous member of the Directorate which bridged the transition from the Republic to the Empire, and it is authentic and authoritative because it is unconsciously given. BARRAS sets out to vindicate himself at the expense of BONAPARTE. If he does not succeed in vindicating BONAPARTE at his own expense, at all events he goes far to vindicate the French nation for acquiescing in the usurpation of BONAPARTE, since it ridded it of BARRAS.

Indeed, we may say of BARRAS what MACAULAY said of BOSWELL: "He has used many people ill; but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself." The enthusiasm of the Revolution, the passion for liberty, equality, fraternity, had begun to wane before the Directorate was established, and the Directorate made an end of it. They turned the government of France from a terrible propaganda of fanaticism into a den of thieves. It is BARRAS himself who admits, and even emphasizes, the popular disgust for the Directorate for which he himself was chiefly responsible. He says in effect of the Directorate what CROMWELL said expressly of the Long Parliament: "There was not a dog to bark at their going." His hostile editor, M. DURUY, who keeps a sharp watch upon BARRAS throughout to prevent his misleading his readers, may himself mislead them, for he has a Bonapartist "personal equation" of his own to be allowed for. But the reasons that he gives for believing that BARRAS was bought off not to oppose the 18th Brumaire are plausible, and even weighty.

However that may be, the memoirs of the period following the overthrow of the Directorate record mainly the efforts of their author to retain his "sway" intact, and his extreme disgust for those who squeezed him into disgorging. BARRAS was a very good hater, and his hatred for BONAPARTE extended to all the BONAPARTES. Whatever else the volumes are, they are extremely interesting, as they are also of the first historical importance.





THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—AMONG THE INSURGENTS.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches furnished by Carlos Valdes, a Comandante in Maceo's Army.—[See Page 439.]

1. Insurgent Camp in the Stock Farm "La Majagua." 2. Maceo's Attack on Luque's Column near Paso Real. 3. Insurgents Burning and Sacking the Town of Bainoa.

THE DECOY DESPATCH.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

I CAN remember it so well that the whole scene is before me as vividly as if it were now, and I can go over my own questionings as the matter was put. It was, indeed, the Jersey Prison-ship, the Sugar House, or this. It was to be tied, when I, who always had been, again might be free. And, more, I should gain some comfort of riches, when I and mine always had slaved to poverty. Around me in the place I had left was filth, scurvy; and now, as Ratham put it, I could be done with this and be free to go as I wished.

"Why, man, it's as easy for you as walking. Do you suppose I should hesitate? Not I."

And he gave me from under his beetling brows a smile of good-will that I knew was but cunning show; for it was only his eyes that smiled, his face fixed.

"It may be easy for you," said I, bitterly. "You are of the other side."

"Yes, frankly," said he, "I am for the King, and I should not be asking you this if I were not. Yet—"

"Yet?" said I, grasping at any excuse.

"I am a man of property; you, abominably poor. If I were in your place I would think twice, for it means an hundred pounds. An hundred pounds is not to be had easily—in peace or war."

"No," said I, reflecting. With that hundred pounds I might ask Peggy. What, after all, was all this question to me personally? I was sergeant, but the pay was poor; had no particular prospect, whichever side won, for I ever had small wit at trading or saving. And I might—with that hundred pounds I might start a "public" somewhere, and I might have the reason for asking Peggy; and then, besides, it meant freedom. I, who liked the woods and fields, could not bear being cooped. Why shouldn't I take the chance?

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Ratham, reading my thought.

Ah, why shouldn't I? If I were rich or influential I should be exchanged, but as it was I might rot. But could I do this thing? My friends were with Congress.

"Equally your friends are loyalists," Ratham said, again reading me, although I had said nothing.

Yes, that might be. Half of New York was Tory, and I had been brought up on Ratham's land. I knew him, but not as well as he me—his cleverness; how hard he ever had been with his tenants; how strong he was; how determined for the King.

"Well, shall I take you to Sir William?"

The chance beckoned.

"Yes," said I, sullenly; and then gladly, "I'll take it."

"But what," said he, eying me curiously, "if you betray us?"

"I have given my word," said I—"to the devil."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Philip," said he. "I know you." Yes, he knew me, heart and soul, as he knew all men. "Come; we'll to Sir William."

And I followed him out on to Broadway, where the sun was bright and the street gay with the crowd. Only the blackened ruins of Trinity showed what war had done. These gay London and New York gentlemen, these Tory ladies, were as contemptuous of the war with their festivities as if the land were not suffering.

And I breathed the air, glad of my decision. I should have money, be free. And the service was easy—but to carry a decoy despatch! And what, indeed, did it matter? Must not every man aid himself? Is not the first rule self-preservation? It's a sorry struggle with the world at the best; a sorry fight to keep one's probity. Everything is fair when the world is against one.

We found Sir William writing. I felt awe of the great man, who looked me over as he might, in a good humor, a soldier in the ranks.

"This is our friend?" he asked. "He is trustworthy?"

At this I liked not my mission so well; to be trustworthy to them meant being untrustworthy to the others. Therein is the whole complex definition of untrustworthiness.

"Listen," said the General, as if he were convinced. "This letter is addressed to General Burgoyne. It reads: 'If, according to my expectations, we may succeed in getting possession of Boston, I shall without loss of time proceed to co-operate with you in the defeat of the rebel army opposed to you. Clinton is sufficiently strong to amuse Washington and Putnam. I am now making demonstrations to the southward, which, I think, will make the full effect in carrying our plan into execution.' I read it, because you would better know its purport, which is to deceive the rebels as to our plans. It's to fall into General Putnam's hands—do you understand?"

"He does, your Excellency," Ratham said for me, when I answered, like a poll-parrot, "I understand." Sir William watched me a moment, and then, with a gesture, dismissed us.

"Here's the money," said Ratham, outside, counting a hundred sovereigns bearing King George's likeness. "You never will earn money so easily." I looked at the gold and at him, whom I loathed.

Yet with the glitter of those pieces my last compunction vanished. What is there about gold that the yellow of it burns into the brain? I suddenly held Ratham not in such poor esteem.

And then I was started, thinking of these things.

And exactly according to programme, I fell in with General Putnam's outposts, when I was taken to the General himself, who chanced to be at that point. He had known me. Now I thought he would read my soul.

"You are turned honest, Philip?"

"I always was," said I, bridling; and carrying on the show of the thing, I added, "but your Excellency knows that I could not but hand you that despatch—although I was bribed to the contrary."

"You are one of the men who, God helping, will win this fight," the General continued. I could not face his simple directness. He added, "I'll send it to General Washington."

Outside, where I went as free as the air, I sickened of it all. And then, in the village, I saw Peggy. What she was like I can't say, save that she was, and is, the girl for me.

When we had talked, I boasted:

"I have money, Peggy. Now we can be married."

"How did you come by it, John Philip?"

I could lie glibly before General Putnam, but not before her eyes. I stammered.

"Had it anything to do with the despatch?" said she—"anything at all, John Philip?"

"Yes," said I; and I could not lie to her, strangely enough. "Yes."

She drew back with horror on her face. "Talk not to me—spy!" said she.

I thought she called to me, but I could not turn back.

Spy! The word rang in my ears. Yes, I was, plainly enough. She was right. And suddenly I detested myself. I was traitor. I could not help being traitor to one or the other. But which? I felt in my pocket, where the sovereigns jingled. One I took and flung far away from me. And then I paused, laughing. 'Twas equally sin to throw away good money. I searched in the road for the piece. But it had gone, and then I sighed at my impulsiveness.

But there were other considerations than these of money in this affair. Clearly there was that of honor, which I had lost, whichever way I might turn. There was only one way, after all— I could not disguise it—and that was the way Peggy's scorn made imperative.

"I wish to see the General," I asked of General Putnam's orderly, and in a few minutes I was again in the General's presence. He regarded me with surprise, I think, which I understood only too well.

"What is it, Philip?"

"The letter?" said I, faintly.

"It's gone to General Washington," said he, his voice not unkind.

"General," said I, "that was a decoy letter."

"What d'ye mean, man?"

"It was intended to fall into your hands."

He looked as if he thought me mad.

"D'ye know that you risk death as a spy?"

"I know it," said I, and then I fumbled in my pocket and counted out the sovereigns. "These are properly yours. They gave them to me to carry the letter and to be arrested with it. One I threw away." For a moment he paused; for a moment looked me over from head to toe. "It's this," said I, answering his look in kind, and finding I could face him unflinchingly: "I'm a poor man, General Putnam. The money—and freedom—were temptation. I have been prisoner with them so long I wished freedom. I was tempted—thought I could carry this thing through. But I can't, General Putnam; I have told you everything."

I wondered what he would do then. I knew he was a decided man, to whom I could talk more easily than to

some of the fine gentlemen in our service. I don't believe I should have had the heart before another; but to him it was different. He was more of our Northern farmer class—could feel my temptation.

Now he did a queer thing, for he advanced after looking me over narrowly.

"Philip, you have been tempted. I understand. I suspected the color of the despatch, which on its face was unreasonable. But I shall have to have you put under arrest. I'm sorry, man. But I honor your confession—your attempt to atone for what you have done."

I bowed my head, for I could not answer. Again I was under arrest, and for the moment I regretted it, and then regret passed. The girl who had scorned me would hear of this. She would know that at least I had made a sacrifice to atone for what I had done. And then it seemed that my conscience approved. I had been unfaithful to my employer, Ratham. But I had turned over the money, my price, to General Putnam. The General had not mentioned—simply had taken it. I supposed that it was contraband of war on my confession.

And here was I prisoner again, on my own confession, with death after the court martial before me. I could not imagine it turning out differently.

And so six days passed, and on the morning of the seventh the sentinel came.

"You are free, Philip."

"Free?"

"Yes," said he; "here's the order. The court martial decided your confession made up for your deed. You are dismissed the service."

I could not understand it as I stumbled out. Free! Could it be? But dismissed the service in dishonor.

Outside was the girl Peggy. Would she turn from me?

"John Philip," said she, and her voice was timid.

"Can you speak to me?" said I.

"Yes, John Philip."

"You forgive me?"

But I had no need to ask.

"And General Putnam gave me this for you."

And she showed me a bag with the sovereigns Ratham had obtained for me from Sir William Howe—lacking the one.

"How did you know—" I began.

"I went to General Putnam," said she.

"You pleaded for me?"

"Yes," said she, softly.

And then I took the bag of gold.

"I must return this to Ratham. I have not earned it."

"I like to hear you say that, John Philip."

"Oh, if I were not a dishonored man!"

"You have won back honor, John Philip—and me, if you will have me."

"But—I cannot—" I began.

"You would not leave me unhappy?" she began.

But I sent the gold to Ratham. The piece that was lacking I borrowed.

After a time came his answer: "Fool, you must have had a higher price."

I did, I am free to confess—Peggy, and some approval of my own conscience, on a little farm in the Catskills. But among men I am known still as "Philip the spy," for such a thing you cannot live down.

But I have found that some self-approval and the approval of those you hold dearest are more than the world's. Still I was cowardly. My repute has been hard for her. For her I was selfish. And I believe now I have been punished, because it was really not so much my wish for self-approval that led to my confession as the wish for her.

And it's for my children, too, to bear. I wonder how God's way is? Yet I know I have not earned peace, because I should have borne my sin alone.

LIFE AND LETTERS

"ARE we so soon forgotten when we are dead?" I found myself asking, with Mr. Jefferson in the pathos of poor Rip, as I turned the leaves of Matthew Arnold's Letters, the other day. It seems such a little time since his name was on all our tongues; and now there is scarcely one to bid him speak up "Louder!" as they used to do at his lectures, when the note lacks fulness in his letters.

I.

It mostly lacks fulness in them I should say, and they mostly lack importance, though they do not lack interest, and they nowhere lack the peculiar charm of Arnold's nature: that something honest and wistful of the best, even where tact and gentleness are absent. He was a man who had the gift, not rare in his nation, of saying needlessly offensive things rashly; but you could not doubt that he meant them for good, and if you inquired a little into his processes of thought, you found that his most mistaken impulse was grounded in the most noble love of truth.

These letters show his domestic, his intimate character, and they endear him to the reader, but they do not add to his sense of Arnold's greatness; and apparently they have not awakened his slumbering renown, which while he lived was wakeful enough, thanks to several most apt phrases which he had lodged in the contemporaneous ear. I do not mean that he had not readers; he had a great many of them, everywhere, and he had something like the following of a prophet, which tried hard to find a new religion in him, but seemed to fail. His phrases, however, were what he was known by, and I think that "Sweetness and Light," "the Power, not ourselves that makes for Righteousness," and "seeing life and seeing it whole" (I may misquote a little) gave many people ignorant of his books the belief that they had read them. I am sure that this vague charm brought him his audiences in America when he came here to lecture, and I fancy his audiences largely expected his lectures to be made up of such phrases, and thought they were losing them by dozens when he did not speak loud enough.

In fact, there were a good many phrases in his lectures which it would have been a pity to lose, even when they were not agreeable to us; for they characterized the man intellectually and morally. Nothing, for instance, could have praised Emerson more luminously than his saying that those who wished to live in the spirit must go to him; nothing could have been less luminous than his comparison of Emerson with Addison. But both came out of the honesty of his soul. This was so strong that he could not withhold what he thought at the time, until he could reflect upon it. Perhaps he rather lacked in the matter of reflection; but that is too large an inquiry. I am only trying to lead up to a little experience of my own with his honesty, which amused me at the time, and has moved me more and more, as often as I have thought of it, with affection and honor for him.

When he was going to give his lecture on Emerson in Boston, he told me, two or three times, that he wished me to hear it, for he had something to say of me in it. Naturally I prepared to enjoy such crumbs of praise as might fall to my lot; and I confess that I was disappointed, to put it mildly, when he came to mention me, and felt it laid upon him to say that in his travels about New England (he had come from Hartford to Boston) he had never once met a certain type of Yankee character which I had drawn in one of my books!

The joke was distinctly on me; but I digested the bitter morsel as I might; and I think I have since fully appreciated his motive in wishing me not to receive it at second hand. It was not gracious and not graceful; but it was honest; and I try to like honesty even at the expense of my own suffering. But all this has little to do with the thought of the quiescent fame which was in my mind when I turned over Arnold's Letters, and recalled the brilliant renown he had ten or fifteen years ago; for I cannot really believe (grateful as the belief would be) that any part of this oblivion is due to that mistaken bit of criticism. I wish rather to have the reader's sympathy in wondering whether it is a lasting forgetfulness that has overtaken his name, or whether he is one of those authors destined to resuscitation a generation or two hence, and thenceforward to a growing influence.

II.

It seems to me that he expressed an intellectual mood of his day, as another once-famous Englishman, lately dead, expressed an affectional, or emotional, or sentimental mood: I give a choice of adjectives. There was a time when School Days at Rugby and Tom Brown at Oxford seemed almost vitally important to our race; and I do not know but they still seem so to young people. But I feel sure that they are no longer the revelation they once appeared, as muscular Christianity itself appears no longer a faith to live and die by; and I grieve for the evanescence of a reputation that was generously won and graciously worn.

Thomas Hughes was always very much more than the author of two of the best books ever written for boys; but they are what he is to be remembered by at last. The world will not recall him as a politician with liberal principles, and as a semi-socialistic philanthropist with magnanimous purposes and practices; it has already forgotten his disastrous experiment in colonizing his believers in Tennessee; and I wonder how many young Americans know that he was the stanchest of our friends in England when we sorely needed friends, and when Arnold (with whose name his links itself in the associations of Rugby) was one of the coolest of our critics?

The war, through which he stood by us, was just over when I first met him at his own house in London, and it was still vividly in our consciousness when I saw him again at Lowell's house in Cambridge. He was ardently enthusiastic about everything American, which I think he found too much typified in his host; and it was pleasant to see their affection for each other. The time was early in 1867, and it was the date of those first triumphs of Lowell's work in England which Hughes's adoring editorship had helped to win him. But he seemed to be reaching out in every direction for bits of America to admire,,and he was full of quotations, I remember, from Mark Twain. He talked and laughed about the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, I remember; and I remember, with a yet tingling hurt of the nerves that he called it, with inevitable English inexactness, the Leapin' Frog. I forgave at the time the error to the enthusiasm; and against how few Englishmen could we have so little to urge! Let us remember Tom Hughes in tenderness and gratitude, and if we have ever a Westminster Abbey, let us put up an effigy of him to keep it known while bronze or marble lasts that his love of America was the logic of his yet larger love of humanity.

III.

Within these few days has come the sad news of the death of another man whose fame I was unwilling to see wane in his lifetime, though I saw reasons why it must. Now that he is gone, and his going forms a fit occasion, I wish that some publisher might see his profit in issuing in some collected form the illustrations of Augustus Hoppin. We have admirable artists in that sort now, but none who can more vividly suggest the fashion of his world. It was the gayer world, which thinks itself the greater, that Hoppin liked to deal with; and when he first began to portray its airs and graces, how stunning we youngsters of forty years ago thought his pretty girls and his handsome men! The girls were in swelling hoops, and the men had drooping whiskers and mustaches; and their fashion has long passed away, but not the fashion of the artist. He had grace, he had chic, he had charm. Above all, he had distinction, which will not be lost to the critical eye in the study of his outdated types and modes. He expressed a certain worldliness without worldly hardness, and made you see that his stylish girls were nice girls and his swells good fellows.

I do not think his talent often strayed into the by-paths, or along the cool sequestered vale of life; but I recall some pictures of his for a Quaker poem of Bayard Taylor's that showed a loving intelligence concerning the soberer and simpler things.

I do not know why his gift was not more employed, for the last twenty years. I am sure it is our loss that it was not; but I fancy that if his work were collectively represented, we should now find it no less valuable in quality than in quantity.

W. D. Howells.

THE CITIZENS' LEAGUE OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the State and city election held in New Orleans Tuesday, April 21st, the Citizens' League, a non-partisan political organization of that city, formed a few months ago for the purpose of securing better municipal government, won a victory unprecedented in this country for its completeness and for the important results certain to follow it. The victory was sudden, far greater than any member of the League had ever claimed or hoped for, and gives that organization an importance outside of New Orleans and even of Louisiana.

The movement was originally intended to be wholly a municipal one, confined entirely to securing better city officials, a better Mayor and Council, and an intelligent, businesslike administration of the affairs of New Orleans. The League refused to discuss either national or State questions, and welcomed both Republicans and Democrats to its ranks. As one of the essentials of good government in New Orleans is a new city charter, the League departed to this extent from its determination not to take any hand in State politics, that it nominated candidates for the Legislature in all the city wards and districts. It is here that the surprises of the election come in. The League not only elected its municipal and ward tickets, making an absolutely clean sweep, and capturing every office from Mayor to constable, but it elected all its legislative candidates—nine Senators out of a total of thirty-six in the State Senate, and twenty-one members of the House out of a total of ninety-eight. As the Republicans, Populists, and Democrats are very equally divided in the Legislature, this victory gives the League the balance of power. It can dictate who shall be elected to the United States Senate to succeed Senator N. C. Blanchard. It can do far more. The Legislature counts the vote for Governor in Louisiana. It is ex officio a returning board, which determines who shall be Governor; and as the election returns are in a most confused state, with charges of fraud on both sides, the question of the Governorship must go to the Legislature in the same way as a disputed Presidential election goes to Congress. The Citizens' League of New Orleans, an organization intended wholly for municipal reform, is thus placed in the extraordinary position, not desired by it, of being the arbiter of the State, and deciding who shall be the next Governor of Louisiana. Holding, as it does, the balance of power between the two great parties, it has absolute and final decision as to the State government.

The League had no desire for this, and never contemplated the eminence it has attained; and in nominating the candidates for the Legislature its only aim was to secure a new charter for New Orleans, and a reformation of the abuses which now prevail, and which affect the city most unfavorably.

Its original platform is confined exclusively to municipal questions, and is on the same lines and in nearly the same words as the suggestions made by the Municipal Reform League at its several meetings at Philadelphia and elsewhere. It demanded the holding of the municipal election on a different day from the national and State elections; it protested against bringing national or State issues into the city campaign. It called for a business administration, named without regard to politics, salaries for all municipal officers (the Council at present is unpaid), the bonding of all municipal officers, the establishment of commissions for the control of several departments, and, generally, the administration of the affairs of the city on the lines of any other corporation. It also advocated such changes in the election law as would render it impossiblef or "the ring" or "bosses" to control the elections, as they have done in the past, by means of repeaters, fraudulent registration, and ballot-box stuffing, all of which are easy under the present election law of the State, if not encouraged by it.

In 1888, when the same "ring" which was defeated on Tuesday was in absolute control of the municipal government of New Orleans, four young men of that city, who had been classmates at college, while talking over the situation one day, a few weeks before the election, thought that something might be done towards securing better government if the younger men could be interested in municipal reform. They were wholly without political experience, had no campaign fund behind them, but set to work with youthful enthusiasm to arouse the citizens of New Orleans to the corruption prevailing in the City Hall. Under the title of the Young Men's Democratic Association, they organized and carried on a short campaign, but one full of spirit and enthusiasm. The movement completely demoralized the "bosses," who could not understand an irregular attack of this kind from a lot of "boys," and the election exposed their weakness. The Y. M. D. A., as it was universally called, swept New Orleans, and secured control of all of the city offices. The new government instituted many reforms sorely needed, but which had been believed impossible. It rescued the police and fire departments from the hands of the politicians, and placed them under the control of non-partisan commissions, adding a thousand per cent. to their efficiency; it put New Orleans on a debt-paying basis again, reduced its debt, improved every department, paved more streets than had been paved in forty years, started a new court building, covered the disgusting open canals which had been such a horror to strangers, and accomplished more improvement in its four years of service than had been accomplished in the previous twenty.

There were several unfortunate mistakes made by the Young Men's Democratic Association. Lest it might be suspected of being an office-seeking organization, its first plank was that no member of the association should be a candidate for any office, elective or appointive. This shut out the very best citizens of New Orleans, who pledged themselves not to be candidates. The association found it very difficult, in consequence, to get good men for office, since it could choose none of its own members. The campaign was a short one, and there was little time for selection. There was no distinct platform nor any line of municipal reform agreed on; it was a movement to get rid of the existing ring, without any well-defined plan of what ought to be done afterwards. Finally the grave mistake was made by the association of dissolving permanently the day after the election. It established its new government in power, and then dissolved, leaving the men whom it had elected to office to take care of themselves.

The Citizens' League is the successor of the Young Men's Democratic Association, but based on better lines, and it promises to accomplish greater and more permanent good results. Recognizing the mistakes made by its predecessor, it has sought to avoid them in every way possible. It refused, for instance, to use the word Democratic in its title, as it was asked to do, or to confine itself to Democrats alone, and opened its ranks to Republicans as well, or any other citizens in favor of municipal reform. This was far more difficult in New Orleans than anywhere else, for one can hardly conceive how great a bar to social and political success it is to be other than an outspoken Democrat in the South. The League carefully prepared a platform, giving distinctly what it proposed to undertake in the way of municipal reform. It named candidates from its own ranks, placed them under written pledges to carry out the reforms it favors, and finally determined to keep up a permanent organization, to see that none of the men elected by it proved recreant to their pledges.

The organization of the League was the immediate result of the discovery of a gigantic job on the part of the present City Council. In 1894 that body granted the Illinois Central Railroad the right to run its tracks through Valence, State, and a half-dozen other streets in the residence section of New Orleans. This franchise, estimated to be worth from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000, was granted without any compensation whatever, except such as the Councilmen themselves received, and it destroyed some of the finest residence avenues of the city, and reduced the value of property on them seventy-five per cent.

The job produced an outburst which the Council had evidently not looked for. A mass-meeting called for an immediate repeal of the grant. A second mass-meeting was held in the Washington Artillery Arsenal, and marched thence, ten thousand strong, to the City Hall. The situation was critical for a few minutes; but the Council saw the danger, surrendered, apologized, and repealed the grant to the railroad, which was itself so frightened by the popular demonstration that it never carried the matter into the court.

The surrender of the Council came too late to save it. The matter was put before the Grand Jury for investigation. It had little trouble in trailing the corruption. Forty-four indictments were found against members of the Council for receiving bribes, and it was certified before the Grand Jury that twenty-three out of a Council of thirty had solicited or received bribes for passing ordinances. Five of the indicted Councilmen were tried and convicted, but the crusade against corruption encountered every obstacle that could be placed in the way by the city and even the State government.

Councilman Desforges, sentenced a year ago to the penitentiary in Baton Rouge at hard labor, is still living in the most comfortable quarters at the Parish Prison in New Orleans, with nothing but his lack of complete freedom to incommode him. Councilmen Haley and Canfield, convicted and sent to the penitentiary at hard labor, have been granted special favors by the penitentiary lessees. They wear no striped clothing, have escaped a hair-cut, and are employed on a ferry-boat, enjoying freedom and comforts that fall to the lot of very few convicts.

This treatment of the City Hall "boodlers" intensified the popular sentiment against the "ring." The Citizens' League sprang into existence when this sentiment was strongest, and at once began its splendid march to victory. It determined not only to punish the corrupt officials, but to organize the people at the next election, April 21, 1896, drive the "ring" from power, and establish an honest and businesslike administration. The affairs of the League were managed by an Executive Committee, and it was fortunate in the men whom it had at the head of its affairs—all of them young men, and men of the highest standing, socially and otherwise. They were Messrs. Charles Janvier, president of the League, and also president of the Sun Insurance Company; Walter Denegre, Bernard McCloskey, Walker B. Spencer, and George Denegre, lawyers; and Dr. W. Dickson Bruns.

The campaign they made was conducted under the most unfavorable circumstances, and with all the political powers united against the League. All the influence of Governor Foster and the State administration, and of the city administration also, was cast against the League; and the Democratic State Central Committee, the Democratic Parish Committee, and even the Republican committees, State and city, set to work to defeat the new political organization. It had also to contend against an election law which is the most infamous in the country, and which places a premium on fraud. The administration of that law and the entire election machinery of New Orleans were in the hands of the very men whom the League was endeavoring to oust from office. The fight seemed at first blush almost a hopeless one.

But the League inaugurated one of the most dashingly brilliant campaigns ever waged in this country. It was a campaign of both issues and enthusiasm. Within a few weeks the League had 19,000 white voters enrolled in its ranks, and had an organization in every precinct in the city. Nightly meetings were held, and with processions, fireworks, etc., the city was soon "on fire." The League, however, did not confine itself to a mere display campaign. It made a thorough canvass, saw every voter, laid the issue before him, and pointed out what it intended to do in the way of reform. It canvassed every voter in New Orleans, and purged from the registration-books the 13,756 fraudulent names, which the "ring" had prepared to vote.

There were two features of the campaign especially striking, and which contributed materially to success, that could not have been seen in any other city of the Union—the last great parade of the League the Friday night before the election, and the organization of the League militia, to assure an honest election and an honest count of the vote.

New Orleans has attained a world-wide reputation with its carnival parades. The artistic sense is very strongly developed there, as it is in all semi-Latin communities. In the preparation of tableaux, decorated floats, etc., New Orleans can claim a pre-eminence over European as well as American cities, and those who have witnessed the carnival at Nice, Rome, Venice, and Naples have declared that in the splendor of the display the celebrations are excelled by New Orleans.

When the League decided on a grand torch-light parade on the Friday before election it was determined to make it a display great in numbers, and artistic in its beauty. The name of the League candidate for Mayor, Mr. Walter C. Flower, formerly president of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, suggested an idea which was happily utilized and carried out. It was decided that it should be a "flower" parade. The idea of bringing "flowers" into politics has probably never been conceived since the English "War of the Roses." It has certainly never been utilized in America before. It would probably have been a failure anywhere else than in New Orleans; but here it was a success, the political results of which cannot be overestimated. At this season of the year New Orleans is a vast garden of flowers. Nowhere else are there more of them or more brilliant, for the male population are lovers of flowers. There was no lack of roses, lilies, etc., for the parade; and there was that French artistic taste which knew how to decorate with them and use them to the greatest advantage.

The general design of "the flower show," as this political parade was properly called, was not unlike the "battle of flowers" which is one of the features of the Nice carnival. The musicians who marched in the parade were crowned with wreaths of flowers; the marshals of the several clubs waved bâtons of immense artificial flowers. The twelve thousand men in line were covered with bouquets, and with flowers decorating their hats. All the transparencies and banners, such as are usually carried in political parades, were decorated with flowers, and there were dozens of immense "floats" or vans carrying floral pieces, ten by thirty feet, and bearing in mottoes the principles of the League. The entire line of march of the parade was strewn with flowers, as though it was a festival in honor of Flora.

The wave of enthusiasm which followed, and the evident support that the people were giving the League movement, assured a victory at the polls on Tuesday. The only danger was the possibility that they would be cheated out of the election—something that is easily possible under the infamous election law of Louisiana, which gives the party in control of the election machinery power to count itself in against any odds. The League prepared itself for this by laying in a large supply of Winchester rifles, and in organizing an extra militia force, with a captain for each ward, and a squad for each polling-place. There was to be no open display of arms, but the men were to be ready under call if any of those outrages so frequent in New Orleans elections was attempted. There was no secrecy made of this arming, and it was well understood that the League was prepared to fight in defence of an honest election. The chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee intervened to prevent an encounter between the two parties, and an agreement was finally reached, and signed by the respective leaders of the Parish Democracy and the League, that no armed men should be allowed around the polls on election day, but that a large force of voluntary police should be sworn in to preserve the peace. At the same time, however, the League prepared for any emergency. It established its headquarters at Oddfellows' Hall, where its arms and ammunition were stored, and a large number of men slept on the floors there all night, prepared for the election.

Once or twice on election day there seemed danger of a collision. The Commissioners of Election refused to count the vote, drove the League watchers from the polling-booths, and attempted to carry things with a high hand. A call was made for 2500 volunteers, and twice that many men assembled before the hall in a few minutes, and squads of thirty or fifty men were detailed to every precinct. The rifles were never seen; they were never needed. The League made just enough show to bring the enemy to terms and to assure an honest election. It was the most peaceful election ever held in New Orleans, with not a drop of blood spilled, not a difficulty of any kind, and the League won by the largest majority ever given, carrying through the entire ticket.

The results of the victory will be worth watching. The League has made itself responsible for the new city government. Every man who was elected was required to give written pledges that he would favor certain needed reforms, and the League proposes to preserve its organization and see that he keeps these pledges. The gentlemen who control it are men of the very highest standing and reputation in New Orleans, of the broadest public spirit and patriotism. They are making a determined, intelligent, and well-organized attempt to secure good government in a city where, because of the diverse population, it is more difficult than anywhere else in this country, and where municipal reform is more needed than even in New York. It will be interesting to watch what success they meet with in their efforts, made in a different line from that attempted in other movements for better municipal government, and proposing to completely eliminate the question of politics from city affairs, and to manage the city on purely business principles, like any other corporation.

NORMAN WALKER.

INTIMATE VIEWS OF MACEO'S MEN.

THE historian of modern warfare deals unconcernedly with engagements in which but a few thousand men have participated, and but a few hundred men have been slain; he reserves his emphasis for the shock of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. These are battles, in his view; those are mere skirmishes. And this view is of course a quite natural result of the Franco-German war and of the civil war in this country. Such colossal recent events have dwarfed other wars, present and past. It is hard to realize, for example, that in the most momentous campaign of the fifteenth century, and perhaps the most important in all French history, the army led by Joan of Arc numbered but three or four thousand men, while the English force besieging Orleans and afterwards suffering defeat at Patay was just another handful, and no more.

The drawings reproduced on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY are of especial interest, because they give a vivid impression of one of the many battles (unrecorded or dismissed with a word as "skirmishes") in the war for Cuban independence, together with incidents that have marked the progress of the campaign. The sketches from which Mr. De Thulstrup's drawings are made are the work of Carlos Valdes, an educated gentleman of good family, and comandante in Maceo's army. One of the drawings represents the pillage and burning of Bainoa, a town due north of Puerto Principe and a little east of the centre of the island. The attacking party is supplied with cans filled with kerosene oil, and palm branches serve as torches. A realistic touch is added by the precise designation of the buildings in the foreground—a talabartería, or belt and harness shop, on the one side, and the Pearl Inn (Fonda la Perla) on the other.

An encampment in the stock farm "La Majagua" is the subject of another drawing, the scene being a *potrero* separated from Havana only by the width of the island at its narrowest point, or a distance of about thirty-five miles. This is near the line of military posts and fortifications drawn from north to south across Cuba, and intended to prevent the passage of the native armies. The central illustration, however, shows Maceo's men after they have without much difficulty crossed "La Trocha," as this barrier is called, and have made their way to the extreme southwestern province. Señor Valdes, with rather impressive brevity, has written on the sketch that he has transmitted: "This represents the attack we made on Luque's column in the environs of Paso Real. In this encounter the Spaniards had more than two hundred and fifty killed." From other Cuban sources such details as the following have been obtained: Maceo was at the time in command of two thousand men. There were about four thousand Spanish soldiers with General Luque, and the superior loyal force surrounded the Cubans. Maceo's first thought was merely to break through and escape, but in the process he inflicted such severe punishment that the Spaniards would not venture to come within his reach again, and for two days he remained in the town indicated in the background of the drawing.

This town, called Paso Real, is situated on the river Guyaguateji, which empties into the Golfo de Cortes near the southwestern extremity of Cuba—the little trailing extremity that (on the map) looks as though it had received its shape when Cuba was separated from the mainland at Yucatan, and forcibly moved out to sea one hundred miles or so.

MARRION WILCOX.

THE NEW PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

WHEN the Metropolitan Museum opens its doors on the 2d of May, after the annual spring closing period, visitors will find several pictures on the walls that have been acquired by purchase or by gift during the present year. They are all by painters who have passed away; and the Museum, as befits its character in one sense, thus places in its permanent collections memorials of the art that have become, or will become, historical. It adds new pages to its open book, before which the student may compare notes with works in other museums, and the casual visitor may find pleasure and instruction.

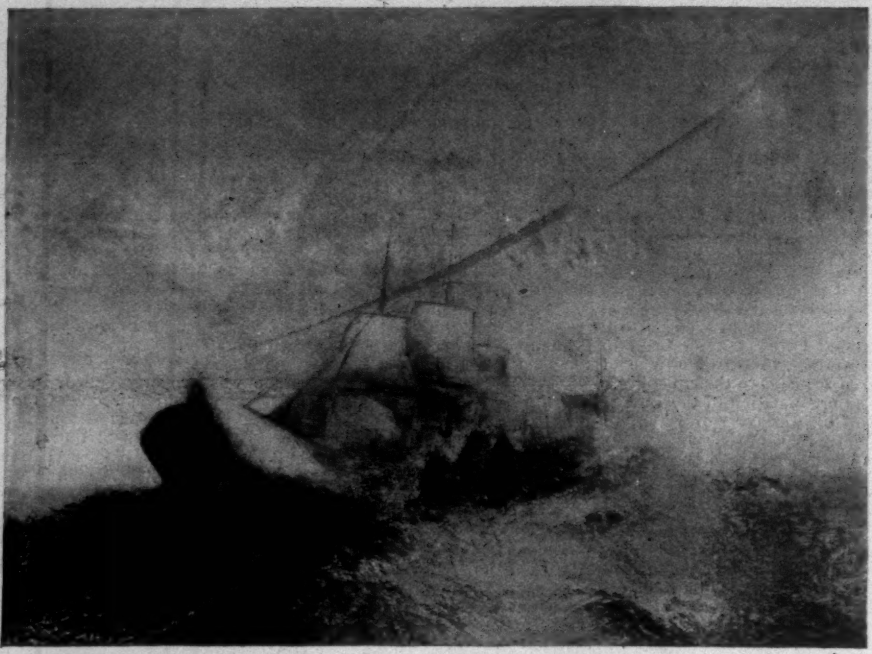
With the income of the fund given by the late Catherine Lorillard Wolfe the trustees of the Museum have made three important purchases. They are placed together on the line in one of the two galleries containing the Wolfe collection, and form an interesting and attractive group. In the middle is an upright canvas by the late Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, called "Lachrymæ." On the right hangs a notable Turner, and on the left a celebrated Rousseau. The mere naming of the painters is sufficient to indicate the fact that the works are utterly different in style and character, but in their very dissimilarity proof appears of the catholicity of judgment of the trustees. Peculiar interest belongs at the present moment to the "Lachrymæ" by Lord Leighton on account of his recent lamented death, and from the fact that this picture was exhibited by him at the Academy exhibition in London only last year. It is an excellent work, characterized by the qualities that make his painting quite individual, and that distinguish the best of it from so much that is commercial in the art of the painters of to-day in England. The picture represents a single female figure, leaning, with the head bowed down by grief, on a marble column. Autumn foliage environs it, a few brown leaves lie on the pavement, and the sorrow of the subject is still further indicated by the sombre blue of the drapery which clothes the figure, and the purple and russet-colored stuffs bound like a garland around the column. Yet, while grief is the motive of the picture, it is so suavely expressed that the impression received in looking at it is one of charm. The figure is drawn with decision and grace, the color scheme is agreeable and tender in quality, and the actual painting, while lacking in spice, as Leighton's work often is, is not attenuated or too painstaking. Altogether it is a most satisfactory picture, and one that adequately represents an artist of value.

The Turner at once raises the question as to its real worth estimated by modern standards. That question must be waived here, and our consideration of the picture must be limited to its importance as an example of a celebrated artist. It may be safely said that in this point of view it is admirable. The title is, "Hurrah for the good ship *Erebus!*—another Fish." It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1845, and shown again at the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House in 1892. It was purchased when first exhibited, by one of Turner's earliest patrons, Mr. Munro of Novar, passed from him to Sir Francis Seymour Haden, and from him came to our Museum. It has not been described, we are told, by Ruskin, having been kept rather closely in Mr. Munro's possession, and it has never been engraved. So here again, as in the case of Lord Leighton's picture, is an interest for the people quite apart from the artistic merit of the work. The composition shows the white sails of a vessel emerging from a misty background, and three boats in pursuit of the whale, which rears up from the waves in the left foreground, spouting water colored by blood. One of the boats is overturned. The color scheme is one of pearly grays, yellowish-whites, and pale brownish tints in the water, with the black mass of the whale as a strong accent. There is a certain amount of confusion in the expression of the story, and there is the usual vagueness as to values, as the painter of to-day has learned to see them. In ensemble, however, the canvas is attractive in color and harmonious in effect. Technically considered, the work is remarkable for clever use of the palette-knife in painting, and for the subtlety of the management of the lighter tints of the color scheme.

"The Edge of the Wood," by Theodore Rousseau, is a picture well known to amateurs, and was bought at the sale of the William Schaus collection this year. The motive is a very simple one, consisting of a road leading

By Permission of Arthur Tooth & Sons, London.

"LACHRYMÆ."
From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton, late President of the Royal Academy; exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1895. Purchased from Arthur Tooth & Sons, London and New York.

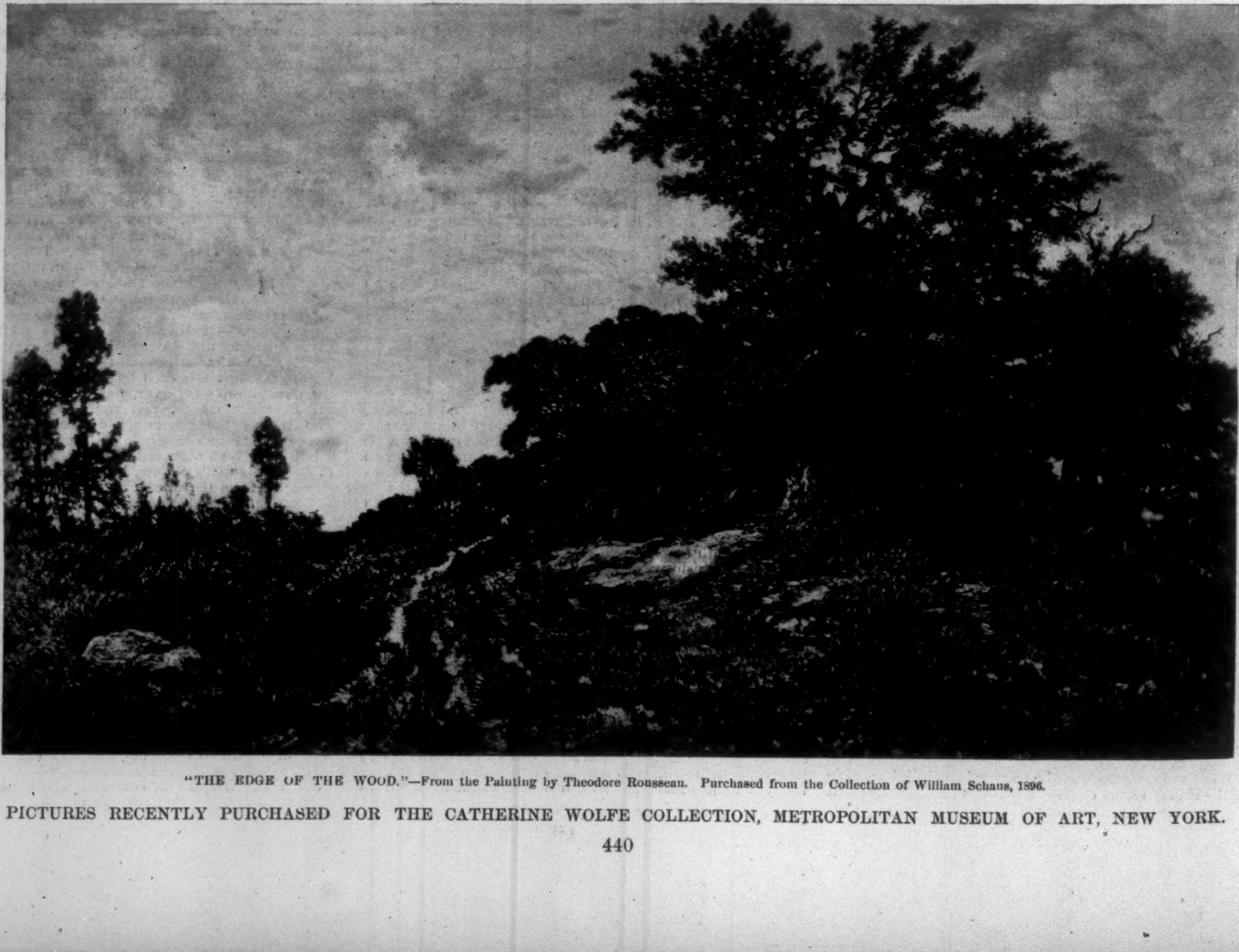


"HURRAH FOR THE GOOD SHIP 'EREBUS!'—ANOTHER FISH."
From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner; exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1846; from the Collection of Mr. Munro of Novar. Purchased from Sir Francis Seymour Haden, 1896.

up a hilly place with trees on the right. A great oak stands among them, and forms the chief point of interest in the composition. The sky is a remarkable one for Rousseau. It is blue broken by a multitude of white clouds of varying formation. Some are strung across above the horizon in wreathlike shapes, others are round, and still others irregular, giving the impression of quickly changing forms. The sky, in spite of the difficult requirements to be fulfilled in painting it, is of great depth and luminousness. It is interesting to note how far from actual white some of the white-looking cloud forms are, and to see how artistic is the conception of the sky as a whole. It keeps its place admirably, and yet "tells" with striking effect in the composition. The great oak is wonderfully painted, and the foreground with its broken color and simplicity of general effect is very characteristic of the master landscape-painter.

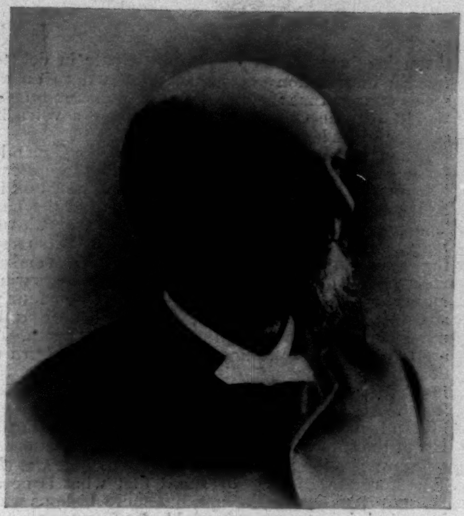
While the Museum authorities have acquired these important works for the Wolfe collection, they will also be able to point to others which have been presented by friends of the institution. The new gifts are a portrait, of cabinet size, of Dr. John Wakefield Francis, by C. R. Leslie, R.A., an American painter who lives in London, three portraits of the English school, and one of the American. The portrait of Dr. Francis, who was born in New York in 1789 and died in 1861, was presented by John L. Cadwalader. It is chiefly interesting on account of the personality of the subject, who is well known as the author of *Old New York, or Reminiscences of Sixty Years*, and who was actively interested in medical, historical, and benevolent societies in his native city during a long and busy career. It was painted by Leslie in 1826. The three English portraits were presented by George A. Hearn, who has made previous gifts to the Museum; and the American portrait comes from him as well. This last is by Robert Edge Pine, and bears the title "Mrs. Reid as a Sultana." The most attractive perhaps of the three English portraits is that of William Forsyth, the Scotch horticulturist, by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., a vigorously painted canvas in excellent preservation, and fresh and ruddy in color. The others are a portrait of a lady, known as "The Coral Necklace," by John Hoppner, R.A., and a "Portrait of a Lady," by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In both the purchases and the gifts it will be seen there is recognition of the prevailing fashion for English art. As it is well that all schools should be worthily represented at the Museum, and as there are fewer pictures of the English school than suffice to give a full comprehension of its characteristics, these acquisitions may be considered as increasing the breadth of view to be obtained by a visit to the galleries. They are new units which assist in making up such a complete exposition of the world's art as it is hoped we may one day have as a permanent public possession. William A. Coffin.

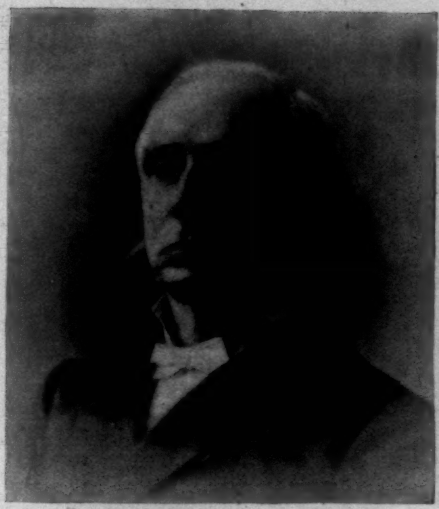


"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD."—From the Painting by Theodore Rousseau. Purchased from the Collection of William Schaus, 1896.

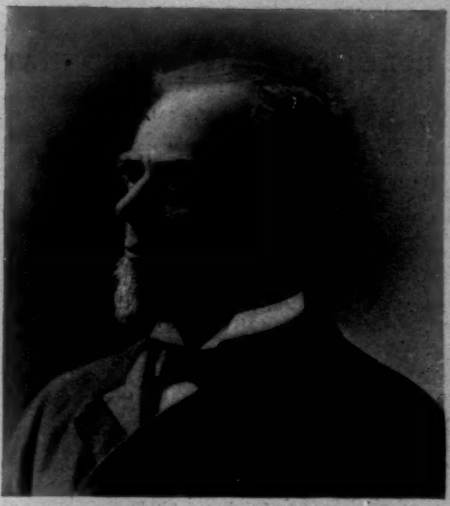
PICTURES RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR THE CATHERINE WOLFE COLLECTION, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



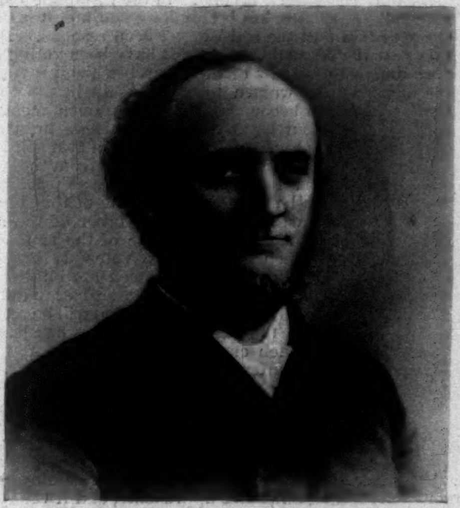
BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT,
Topeka, Kansas.



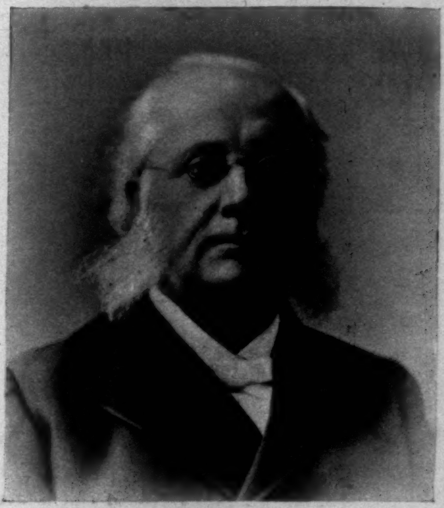
BISHOP THOMAS BOWMAN, D. D.,
St. Louis, Mo., Senior Bishop of Methodist Episcopal Church.



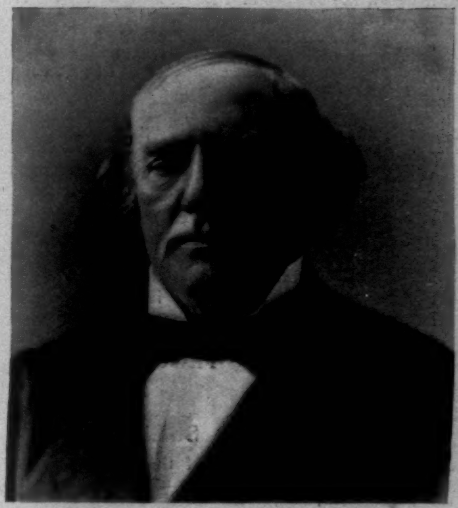
BISHOP JOHN F. HURST,
Washington, D. C.



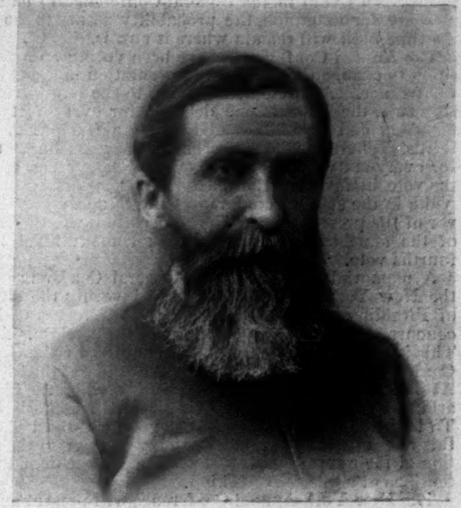
BISHOP CHARLES H. FOWLER,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.



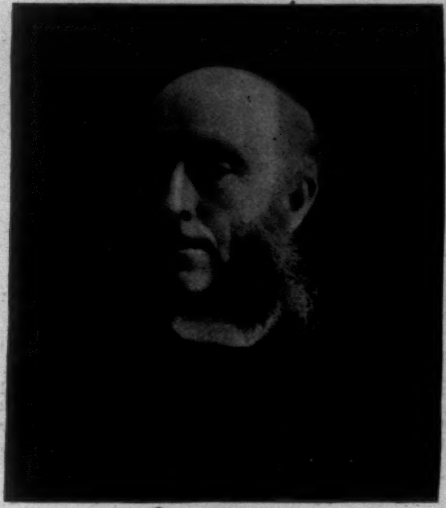
BISHOP EDWARD G. ANDREWS,
New York.



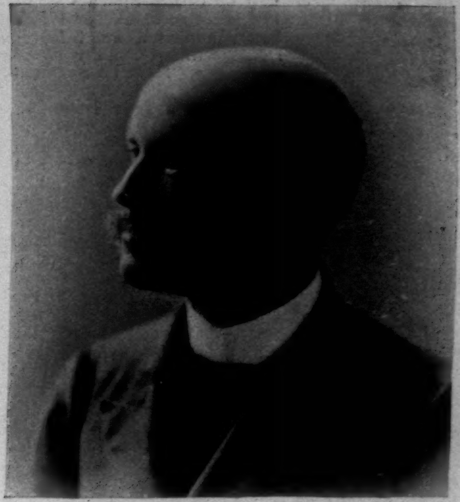
BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN,
Omaha, Nebraska.



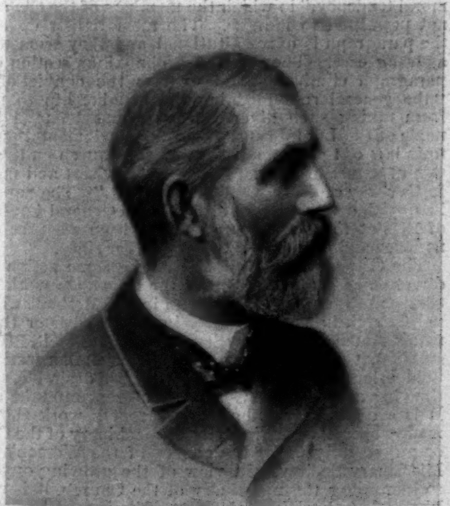
BISHOP JAMES M. THOBURN,
Of India and Malaysia.



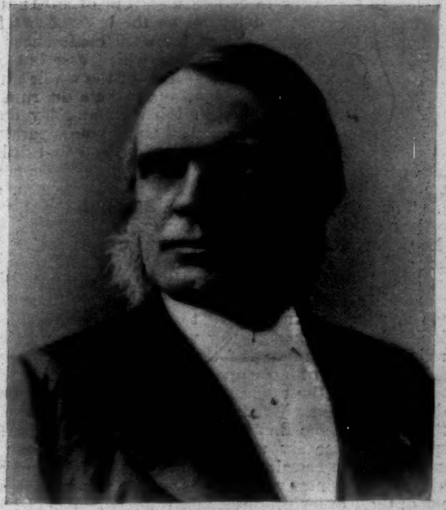
WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY, D. D.,
Editor of *The Methodist Review.*



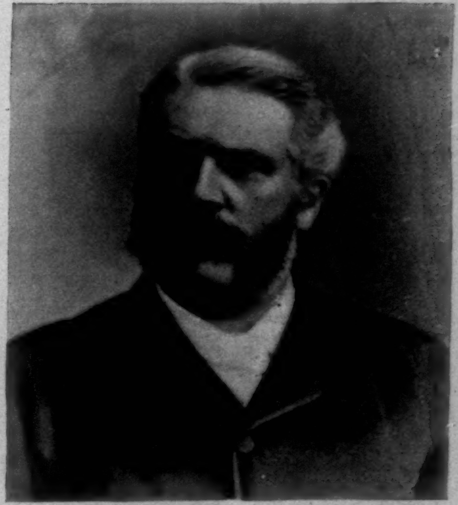
J. M. BUCKLEY, D. D.,
Editor of *The Christian Advocate.*



HOMER EATON, D. D.,
Publishing Agent, New York.



C. C. McCABE, D. D.,
Corresponding Secretary of Missionary Society, New York.



J. L. HURLBUT, D. D.,
Corresponding Secretary of Sunday-school Union and Tract Society, New York.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[See Page 442.]

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS.

(*Continued from front page.*)

sponsive to the signals hoisted, the sunlight flashing on the polished sides of the ships, the water rippling past them in hurried waves tossing the boats in their wet embrace, flags flying, the sweep of oars, and over all the calm blue sky, is a sight to gladden the eyes of a sailor, or any one who loves the sea, and can read in such a scene more than the mere display of naval power or pomp of war. It is more than that.

It promises to the nation a hope of safeguard and security; for in the event of a foreign war the navy must do the fighting to a great extent, and in the strong purpose and splendid manhood of these men, who stand ready to serve their country when the need shall come, and are serving her to-day in the daily routine of ship-life, looking for the perfect working and ordering of every detail committed to their trust, there is a warrant of efficiency and power borne out by the past, and backed by the ships now built and building for the service. Class for class, they are not excelled, if equalled, by any other power in the world.

Under Admiral Bunce's command are now gathered in the North Atlantic Squadron the *Indiana*, *Maine*, and *New York*, fighting-ships, and the fast cruisers *Columbia*, *Cincinnati*, *Raleigh*, and *Montgomery*, with the expected early addition of the *Texas* and *Terror*, now nearly ready for sea. With the other ships in process of construction or nearly completed, and those authorized, we may begin to feel confidence in the early possession of a navy worthy of the United States.

C. T. C.

BEN JONSON AND THE STAGE.

When old Ben Jonson used to rage
Against the looseness of the stage,
His hearing was the outraged sense,
And words too wanton the offence.

If now he lived when sensual show
Pollutes the stage and brings it low,
Disgust to eyes would be transferred,
And he would see the fault then heard.

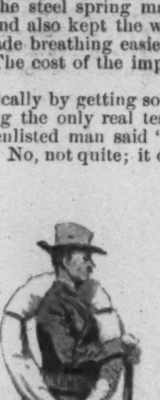
Francis S. Palmer.

A NEW IDEA FOR SOLDIERS.

Lieutenant Charles Dodge, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, invented a yoke some time ago which was to carry the blanket-roll of infantrymen. It was good in theory, but in practice it swayed about as the soldier marched, and the private man filed his objections. The inventor was not discouraged, knowing as he did that the knapsack would never be carried by United States soldiers, because the blanket-roll is a better method, as any infantry soldier will tell you, if you care to ask one. So he thought and contrived, until one day he filed the teeth off from the blade of a buck-saw and inserted it in one edge of the dog-tent which goes about the blanket and clothing of the soldier's roll of personal plunder. This elastic spring bent under the weight of the pack and rode across the left shoulder of the man, while two little straps and buckles were attached to the strap which carries the haversack—that strap traversing the other shoulder—thus adjusting the weight of the blanket-roll to both shoulders. The roll had points of contact with the man's body at the shoulder and hip, thus preventing it from swaying, while the steel spring made it ride easily as the man walked, and also kept the weight off his breast and back, which made breathing easier and allowed the circulation of air. The cost of the improvement is a mere nothing.

THE YOKE.

He experimented with it practically by getting soldiers to carry it on marches—this being the only real test for a military equipment—and the enlisted man said "it is a good thing," and that settled it. No, not quite; it ought to have, but, as a matter of fact, it didn't. There was the Quartermaster-General; but he too was favorably impressed, and I have no doubt but the Dodge blanket-roll support will be on every infantry soldier's back in course of time. The militia authorities should have a look at this thing, and to look is to immediately adopt it. Its great merit is its absolute simplicity, since any man can immediately see what the two little straps are for. It can be taken off the person of the soldier by simply unbuckling two straps, leaving the canteen and haversack on the man. No knapsack yet invented has ever been satisfactory—first, because it heats the back of the soldier; secondly, pulls on his breastbone instead of riding on the top of the shoulders; and where it does neither of these, it is too complicated by reason of the number of buckles and straps, which are lost or get out of order, whereas simplicity should be the first essential. When this equipment is adopted, a United States infantry soldier in field equipment, as now provided, will leave nothing to be desired. This is all that may be asked. If he wants to look like a street-car conductor when he gets on his good clothes, we can only deprecate his taste.



SIDE VIEW.

THE DODGE FIELD EQUIPMENT, OR BLANKET-ROLL SUPPORT.

Frederic Remington.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its twenty-eighth quadrennial session at Cleveland, beginning May 1st. The body will be composed of about six hundred members, clerical and lay, who will come from every field in which the Methodist Episcopal Church is represented. The first General Conference was held in Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, December 24, 1784, and is known in Methodist history as the Christmas Conference. At that time the Church was finally organized, and Francis Asbury chosen bishop, as colleague to Thomas Coke, whom Wesley sent from England to be the spiritual shepherd of his followers in this country. In 1812 the General Conference met in New York as a delegated body for the first time, previous to that time all ministers of the Church having been members of it. At present the conference is composed of ministerial and lay delegates, on the basis of one ministerial delegate for every forty-five members of an Annual Conference, and the lay delegates on the basis of two for each Annual Conference, except for such conferences as have but one ministerial delegate, in which case but one layman is chosen. It takes two-thirds of the whole number of ministerial and lay delegates to make a quorum of the General Conference. The ministerial and lay delegates deliberate and vote as one body, and vote separately only when a separate vote is demanded by one-third of either order. When a separate vote is taken, the concurrent vote of both orders is necessary to complete an action. The presiding officer is one of the bishops, who take the chair in the order of seniority.

The General Conference is the supreme legislative, judicial, and executive body of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has full power to make rules and regulations, but exercises the power under certain limitations contained in what are known as "the six restrictive rules," which forbid the changing or revocation of the articles of religion, the changing of the basis of representation, the doing away of episcopacy or the plan of general superintendency, the revocation of the general rules, the denial of the right of trial and appeal, and the diversion of the profits of the Book Concern from certain specified purposes. These six rules, excepting the first, can be changed only in certain constitutional ways. The body conducts its business principally through committees, and to one of these every proposition is referred. The bishops, who are the presidents of the body, occupy an anomalous position. They are not members of the body, though they are amenable to it. They are present to preside, and if they direct the legislation at all, it is only by operating through others. They cannot participate in debate, and furnish information only when requested to do so. It seems strange that the men who are in closest touch with the life of the Church should not have a voice in the shaping of its legislation.

Among the questions pending before the General Conference are several which vitally affect the episcopacy. For some time there has been a good deal of talk in the Methodist press relative to the districting of the bishops. The present plan of general superintendency, involving long journeys on the part of the bishops, and corresponding expense, together with certain other alleged embarrassments, has led to the contention that the bishops would be more efficient if each were given a diocese for four years, and then changed to another diocese. The question of missionary bishops is coming to the front again. There are two missionary bishops now, Bishop Thoburn of India and Malaysia, and Bishop Taylor of Africa. Some insist that there should be missionary bishops for Europe, South America, China, and Japan. But a missionary bishop is not a full-fledged episcopos. According to the law of the Church he cannot exercise the functions of his office outside the particular field for which he was chosen. Therefore the claim is advanced that what is needed is not more missionary bishops, but more bishops who will be assigned to their various fields for four years each.

The "woman question" will receive early attention, with strong probabilities of the admission of women as delegates to the General Conference and the acknowledgment that the word "layman" in the discipline includes women. The battle has been a long one, and it is not entirely certain that the end has yet been reached. During this year the Annual Conferences have been voting on an amendment to the law of the Church which provides for the eligibility of women to membership in the General Conference. To become effective this amendment must secure a three-fourths vote of the ministers present and voting in the Annual Conferences, and a two-thirds vote of the General Conference. The returns from the Annual Conferences thus far received indicate defeat for the women by a small margin; but in spite of this, the General Conference, which is largely in favor of the admission of woman, may ignore the vote of the conferences, and admit the women by a majority vote. If the General Conference should decide that women are eligible, four women who have been formally chosen as lay delegates will present themselves for admission and will be received.

The abolition of the pastoral time limit has been discussed with so much energy during the last few years that the General Conference will be memorialized to take some action. Originally there was no time limit. Then the limit was placed at six months, then at one year, then at two years, then at three, and in 1888 it was extended to five years. The conferences, annual and lay, have been passing resolutions on the subject. The radicals, who favor the entire abolition of the limit, are losing ground as the General Conference approaches, and if the General Conference takes any action at all, it will probably be in the direction of the extension of the limit in special cases. As a rule, the laymen are opposed to the removal of the limit, and it will be necessary to secure a majority of the laymen's vote in the General Conference to pass the measure for extension, the probability seems to be that the time limit will remain where it now is.

The Annual Conferences have been voting on a proposition to change the basis of representation in the General Conference. At present, according to the second restrictive rule, the basis is one delegate for every forty-five members and an additional one for a fraction of two-thirds. The amendment seeks to place the limit at one for every sixty-five members. In the larger conferences the vote in favor of the amendment is generally heavy, while in the smaller conferences the majorities are in favor of the present plan. The returns indicate the failure of the amendment to receive the constitutional three-fourths vote.

A memorial goes up to the General Conference from the New York Annual Conference favoring the election of Presiding Elders by the Annual Conferences with the concurrence or on the nomination of the presiding bishop. This is a radical measure, and if adopted by the General Conference would seriously affect the polity of the Church. At present Presiding Elders are appointed by the bishops arbitrarily, just as the stationing of the pastors is done. To interfere with the appointing power of the bishop in this respect would give the preachers a voice in the selection of their superiors, but it would open the door to contentions of a mischievous kind.

The New York Annual Conference will present another memorial requesting the General Conference to consider carefully the constitutionality of paragraph 240 of the discipline. This paragraph specifies certain forms of amusements "as obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency," in which the members of the Church are not permitted to indulge. The memorialists claim that the paragraph is unconstitutional, and they seem to have a strong case. They want the obnoxious section of the paragraph eliminated, and express the conviction that "the general rule pledging the membership to refrain from taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus affords the fundamental and historic law of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the question of amusements, and suggests the wisest and most effective way of dealing with the subject." The paragraph in question was rushed through the General Conference of 1872 at the last minute, and has been a source of annoyance and injury to the Church ever since.

The Conference will probably take some action in the direction of the unification of the deaconess work of the Church. This work was begun in the Methodist Episcopal Church in a humble way in 1887, and later the Woman's Home Missionary Society engaged in it. The result is that there are two societies doing similar work. The unification of the work is in every sense desirable, and the time has come for the General Conference to take action. It is a question whether the deaconess work should be made a special department in the machinery of the Church, or put entirely under the charge of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. In view of the growing opposition to increasing the machinery of the Church, it is not unlikely that the Woman's Home Missionary Society will win the day. The contending forces are vigorous, and a lively debate may be looked for on the question.

Perhaps the most interesting item of business is that of the elections. The General Conference has a large num-

ber of desirable positions to bestow, and there are always a number of candidates for each position who are eager to enjoy the blessedness of receiving. First, bishops are elected, if the body decides to increase the number of men on the episcopal bench. This time, because of increasing feebleness of age, it may be that the General Conference will decide to superannuate several of the bishops. In that case other men will be chosen for the vacant places. Following the election of the bishops comes that of publishing agents, two for the Book Concern in New York, and two for the Western Concern in Cincinnati. Then the secretaries of the various benevolent societies are elected, and then the editors of the official publications. The elections will take place during the second week of the session, unless complications over the admission of women and other more or less vexatious questions should precipitate a long debate or delay the regular business of the Conference.

A feature of the Conference which is always delightful is the reception of fraternal greetings from other Methodist bodies. Fraternal delegates will be present from the British Wesleyan Conference of England, and from the Irish Conference, from the Methodist Church of Canada, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the various colored Methodist bodies, and probably from other branches of the great Methodist family. The Conference was called to assemble May 1st, by Bishop Bowman, the senior bishop, and will probably continue its sessions throughout the month.

THE METROPOLITAN'S 1895–6 OPERA SEASON.

THE operatic term in town, official to the Metropolitan, has ended. With the liberal number of supplementary performances crowded into its past April fortnight its last word has been said. These same supplementary evenings have been remarkably well attended, and fashionably attended, for their date. They could hardly have been expected by many of the winter's patrons to offer anything new. As a matter of record they did not. Indeed, the aim and object of such a *coda* on the long subscription course preceding it seem now to be the making of as popular (and hence as profitable) a use of each singers' remaining "time" as can be managed. On the face of things this thrifty idea has not appeared often to work itself out satisfactorily, unless when town has as many musical and fashionable people left in it so late as the 1st of May as happens this year. But Messrs. Abbey & Grau can be trusted to know what is to be their annual account; and such a brilliant little lyric burst as that just finished, with its review of the operatic article and of the artists most acceptable awhile earlier, is a *bonne bouche*, at any rate.

The French and Italian aspects of the Metropolitan's 1895–6 season did not differ materially from those of 1894–5. Again we had an extraordinary star company; again we had a company of such lavish expense — even to the degree of the superfluous—that the staleness of the repertory did not really afflict us. Most of the principals were already perfectly familiar to the subscription and to the city—Mesdames Melba, Calvé, Mantelli, Brema, Scalchi, and Bauermeister; the Messrs. De Reszké, Maurel, Plançon, Campanari, Ancona, and Castelmary. Madame Calvé came back in November, after an absence of two seasons. She was applauded not only again as Carmen, but in three new rôles—new so far as concerns New York—to wit, Anita in Massenet's trumpery *Navarraise*, Leila in Bizet's beautiful *Pearl-Fishers*, and her double impersonation of Margaret and Helen of Troy in Boito's *Mefistofele*. The last matters were remarkable examples of her versatility, vocal and dramatic. Inasmuch as Madame Calvé also appeared in her favorite but rarely allowed part, Ophelia, in Thomas's *Hamlet*, with a signal success, it must be confessed that she has borne a good part of the brunt in the work, as well as won the full honors of a leading lady of the Metropolitan's 1895–6 season. Madame Melba has been more a functionary than before—if even an incomparable one. The only new part which the great coloratur soprano sang, in Massenet's Manon, was a qualified success. Madame Nordica, however, achieved so special and magnificent a triumph as Isolde in the memorable German production of Wagner's music-dramas, and she has, as before, shown her high lyric and dramatic stature to be so great when singing Aïda, Valentine, and Elsa (this last an incomparable delineation), that the year may be said to have put our ambitious and brilliant compatriote into a position second to none enjoyed to-day by any singer of any nationality or of any stage. Every expectation of what Madame Nordica could do has been, step by step, lately met. She is just now almost *hors ligne* in emotional music of any dignified type that she essays, from Wagner to Mozart. Perhaps the greatest hour, personally and artistically, of her career, came a fortnight ago, when, after singing Elsa once again, and acting it as no living artist save herself sings or acts it, she received that much-talked-of diamond coronet, the costly gift of many of her New York friends, as a token of their admiration of her extraordinary intelligence and art. The scene was not one to be forgotten. Yet it could not cast into the shadow the evenings when Isolde was realized so consummately that one may believe that Wagner, alive, would be ready to write a new rôle expressly for this American singer to study and interpret.

In addition to these three prominent singers, the season presented Madame Saville, a California lady, an excellent and often a superior coloratur soprano, at her best as Juliet, Violetta, and Mrs. Ford; Madame Lola Beeth, an uneven but agreeable singer, well known in Austria; Miss Olitzl a, a good dramatic contralto in such rôles as Ortrud, Brangäne, and Siebel; and Miss Clara Hunt, another contralto, an American. Madame Januschofsky made her American reappearances under the Opera-house's auspices, after successes in Vienna that were not repeated here on this occasion. Of the new-comers of the male sex, Mr. Lubert, an opéra-comique tenor of virile style and resonant voice; Mr. Cremonini, a capital young tenor in both old and new Italian music; Mr. Arimondi, a bass who goes far toward rivalling Mr. Edouard de Reszké and Mr. Plançon; and Mr. Walnoefer, a German "heroic" tenor (especially engaged for the German performances); the latter, somehow, did not do himself justice, and consequently appeared the more out of place and dispensable.

The less stellar force of Messrs. Abbey & Grau this season, which cannot be catalogued here, contained remarkably good material; and the chorus, though needing fresh voices, was superior. All large opera companies have more or less dead wood or queer wood in their making-up. It is hard to say which is most unacceptable. But in the present example it was noticeable how few actually bad singers were mustered into duty in casts of length.

The assistant conductorship of the year brought to us a new and an excellent leader, Mr. Sepilli—so good that he deserves more than a lieutenancy under Mr. Bevignani. Mr. Seidl's assistance in Wagner, Boito, and Mozart counted for its full value.

The much-talked-of German experiment of the winter was duly made. So came to pass a series of representations only Wagnerian, save as to Beethoven's *Fidelio*. They gradually were an excrescence. In spite of the high interest belonging to *Lohengrin* nights, and a brilliant success, with much of the unique in it, which attached to the really famous production of *Tristan*—with Madame Nordica, Miss Brema, and the Messrs. De Reszké and Kaschmann — they were below the Italian and French nights, again and again. They cannot be recorded as a happy inclusion. They did not ring to the tune of the rest of the repertory's progress. The public grew cold to them, too, because the public felt (and not unjustly) that with the exception of *Tristan* and *Lohengrin* on special star evenings the casts were not worth the high prices of seats under the present Opera-house dispensation. The supplementary German *personnel* was merely fair—a good "Stadttheater" article. At five dollars an orchestra seat it was an extortion. Comparisons are odious, but the ancient German seasons and Mr. Damrosch's concurrent venture have given representations better in spirit, in artists, and in general effect, and for less money. Mr. Seidl's name by itself did not conjure, and there were unlucky indispositions on the part of the singers now and then that disturbed the public's good-humor and confidence in the series. It accordingly passed not in glory. But it brought about certain noble *Lohengrin* nights, and that one strange, striking, unduplicated occurrence the German *Tristan* evenings. Then was Wagner interpreted with a distinction never the fortune of his music-drama elsewhere, by singers not German in birth, musical training, or innate artistic conceptions. The first representation will be talked of for many a year by those who heard it and appreciated its interest and beauty.

As to the repertory in general, it followed exactly the stock plans of the years preceding, with Meyerbeer, Verdi, Gounod, Wagner, Thomas, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and so on, or their familiar alternatives, with the familiar works. It added Massenet's *La Navarraise*, to be sure—a thing obviously imported for Madame Calvé. That novelty was wholly unvaluable, even to being the kind of modern sensational *un*musical opera that vulgarizes art and perverts the public notion of art. Bizet's mysterious *Pearl-Fishers* was a pleasure. But, lo! it was given dismembered as to the telling last act. The revival of *Mefistofele* was admirable, and we were proportionately grateful. Yet Boito's work refers us back a score of years. *La Favorita* was taken from the shelf, and dusted and opened, for Mr. Cremonini and Madame Mantelli; and its revival was interesting. But, outside of these incidents, Messrs. Abbey & Grau troubled themselves not a whit as to what composers are doing, what Europe is talking and writing about, not even as to a repertory that might be full of novelty to New-Yorkers, even if with little that was absolutely of European newness in it. For the Metropolitan Opera-house just now Bruneau, Franck, Godard, Ponchielli, Puccini, Smareglia, Goldmark, Kienzl, are names of very foreign sound. Even under German auspices they were not to us so remote and outlandish. But even less excusably are ignored, under the present policy, a baker's dozen and more of operas that are old—often to being the oldest—of lyrical friends. If the classical be very new or wholly out of question, why cannot Messrs. Abbey & Grau give variety and life to their poverty-struck list by considering more attentively what of the modern is actually in the repertory of their leading male artists? In the case of the Messrs. De Reszké alone there are some striking suggestions latent. Cannot there be relief from *Faust?* May we not have a new variant from *Carmen* somehow? Because managers will save or must save royalties on new *chefs-d'œuvre*, shall Meyerbeer wholly lord it over us? Because Mascagni's *Cavalleria* gives Madame Calvé her due chance to thrill us, must we forego *The Magic Flute*, or *Oberon*, or *Armide*, or *Ruy Blas*, or *La Forza del Destino*, or *Simon Boccanegra* (expressly revised for Mr. Edouard de Reszké), or the *Gioconda?* Shall the only balm of Gilead for our ears, tortured by the raptures and ravings of *Tristan and Isolde*, be *Roméo et Juliette?* Tut, tut!

One thing, too, is certain — this season has specially demonstrated it—that our public, avid of "star" performances, soon learns bad manners and dulls its tastes. A public at last can reach a point when no less than an aggregate of a ruinously expensive "star" kind will draw it of an evening to the opera-house—an aggregate of an unnecessarily expensive kind. The mischief works its evil in two ways. Great operas, consummate masterpieces, like Verdi's *Falstaff* and *Otello*, do not "draw," even with such an actor as Mr. Maurel in either, and a prima donna or two thrown in. The works that survive in repertory merely and only as star vehicles do not attract paying houses unless almost every part is starred, from the rôles of the night's real protagonists down to those in charge of but a few bars of song. After such petting of a town, the managers find that the town has grown unkindly difficult. They must roll up their casts like snowballs in order to roll up a house that will give them a profit. The equation between such performances and the profit to the treasury, even if the very lobbies be crowded, must needs become more and more unfavorable. The amateur palate is spoiled. The manager has done the spoiling. Sooner or later it will be obvious even to managers of unlimited aggressiveness and apparently of unspared money (such as the present farmers-general of our Opera-house) that stars will not save them from popular neglect, nor a multiplicity of popular singers of great price insure them great profits; no, not even if the impresarios could get all the morning stars to sing together of an evening. But repertory and ensemble mean a different story for the education of the popular taste, the gratification of connaisseurs, and ultimately of the managerial exchequer—unless all records and signs fail. In spite of the vocal splendor of many a night during the past season under Messrs. Abbey & Grau, we do not see that the signs fail at all; but rather that with a little patient examination they are curiously confirmed.

E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.

CERTAIN IMMORTALS ON UNCERTAIN MORTALS.

(Being Extracts from the "Stygian Gazette" A Journal of the future. Edited by James Boswell. From a copy in the possession of John Kendrick Bangs, Esq.)

ABOU BEN MORTON.

BY LEIGH H-NT.

ABOU BEN MORTON (of an honored race)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of place,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
O'er in the left-hand corner where he kept his boom,
An "angel" scribbling on a yellow pad.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Morton sad.
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What scribblest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with its hat placed right before its teeth,
Replied, "His name, who'll wear the laurel wreath."
"And am I it?" said Abou. "I don't know,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spake more low,
But clearly still; and said, "Of gold there's dearth,
But—put me down for what you think it's worth."

The "angel" wrote and vanished. At a later date
It came again, with a great and well-planned slate,
And showed the names of those who might be "it,"
And, lo! Abou Ben Morton's name was labelled "*Nit*."

SOLITUDE FOR ONE.

A TENNYSONIAN EXERCISE IN THIRTEEN STANZAS.

DEDICATED TO THOMAS B. R–ED.

COMRADES, leave me here a little ere the coming of the morn;
Leave me here, and when you want it, you know where to find a horn.

You know where the buffet key is, likewise where the corkscrew hides—
I must do a little figuring, for the nomination bides.

I can't see just how it's happened, but it's happened just the same;
Voters do not seem to wake up at the mention of my name.

Name that used to rouse to action and impel to daring deed
Now falls flatter on the masses than a dull and labored screed.

Autocrat they used to hail me; Czar and Tyrant of the State,
And the colored picture papers put a crown upon my pate;

And when I brought down the gavel, with a loud resounding thwack,
Foes did tremble, and I had my party cheering at my back.

But this spring a fuller crimson comes upon another's boom,
And the hat that I was heir to sports a most bedraggled plume.

And this spring a livelier canvass than I ever dreamed could be
Brings a gloom upon my chances that is a surprise to me.

I who looked for acclamation; I who thought the prospect sure;
I whose very eye in past days all who caught it did allure;

I who thought that I would carry all the country with a whoop—
'Stead of chewing on the cud of sweet content, see only soup.

I, who held the situation in the palm of my right hand,
Seem to be back in the rear line, 'stead of riding with the band.

Comrades, leave me here a little; I must work this problem out;
I must soon be up and doing, or I'm bottled sure as stout.

Leave me here; and when you want it, help yourselves, and don't mind me.
But, if you've a chance to do it, drop Bill Chandler in the sea.

THE SAD ROMANCE OF BILL McKAY AND DELLY GATES.

BY TOM H–OD.

OH, Bill McKay was a nice young man,
Who loved sweet Delly Gates,
And Delly said that she loved him
With love that ne'er abates.

Now Bill he thought that he would take
Sweet Delly for his wife,
And she remarked she rather guessed
She would be his for life.

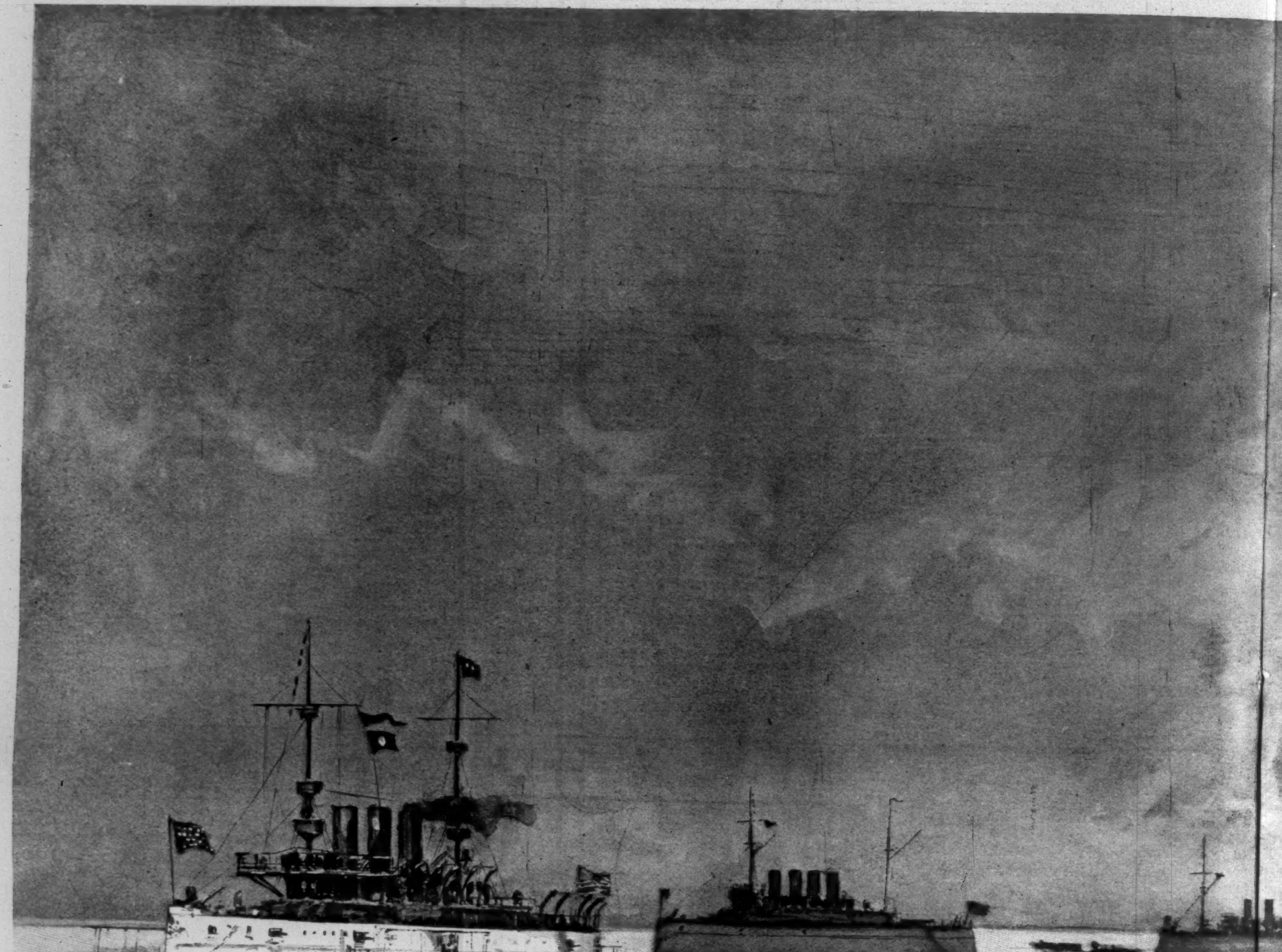
But Bill he was an ardent lad,
A lover bold and true;
And cried, "Sweet Del, I cannot seem
To get enough of you."

In which he merely echoed what
Most lovers always say;
But do you know fair Delly Gates
Did not see it that way?

She pouted and she frowned on him;
Cried she: "That's pretty rough!
To some one else perhaps I'll be
What some call *quantum suff*."

And so she turned away from Bill,
With sobs and tears, of course;
And springing lightly from his door,
Rode off on a dark horse.

And Bill, poor Bill, he tore his hair,
To see his hopes defeated;
Returned again to Ohio,
To try and get receipted.



New York. *Columbia.* *Cincinnati.*

THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON AT HAMPTON ROADS—BOAT DR

AT DRILL.—FROM A WATER-COLOR BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE FRONT PAGE.]

A COMPARISON OF TURKISH LAWS WITH ACTUAL CONDITIONS.

IV.—(*Continued.*)

WHILE according to the Hatti Sherif of 1839 and the Hatti Humayoun of 1856 Christians were to be admitted to the army, and while the government did make some attempt to enroll them, the Christians themselves were too ignorant (or shall I say cowardly?) to see the future advantage of such a privilege and to press forward into the ranks. They preferred the undisturbed pursuit of agriculture and commerce with the substitution tax, to the burden of military service, even when it seemed to be the opening to power and influence. In 1877, when the Christians were invited to shoulder the rifle for the defence of Constantinople against the Russians, they shrank back in fear and disgust; they did not purpose to hinder the embrace of the Russian bear; again ability and willingness to plan for the future were lacking. Another such opportunity has not offered itself during Abdul Hamid's reign.

But remember that at the same time that Armenians were refusing to take up arms under the Turks in Constantinople, their compatriots were serving as officers and soldiers in the Russian armies at Kars and Batum; and to-day the Armenians who are Russian subjects are serving in the armies of their adopted country. The hopelessness of changing the Turk was no more forcibly expressed by Prince Lobanoff to Sir F. Lascelles than it has been felt by the Armenians from first to last; hence their refusal to have anything to do not only with proposed military changes in times past, but also with recent attempts to ameliorate civil conditions made by Shakir Pasha in Erzerum, where they would accept no appointments to office, and the offer of ten Turkish pounds a head for the bringing in of recruits for the gendarmerie met with no response from an utterly sceptical people. For even though the first efforts of the so-called revolutionists were apparently directed towards reforms, the alternatives chosen of late have seemed to be autonomy, foreign control, or nothing. Not one of the alternatives is theirs.

After looking through the law books and seeing how constantly recurs the expression, "and they shall be chosen without distinction of religion from both Mussulman and non-Mussulman subjects," one turns about for a glance at all grades of office in the empire, expecting to find Greeks and Armenians numerous in governmental positions. In 1875 it was emphatically declared, "as all classes of our subjects have always had free access to public duties, according to their merit and their aptitude, we confirm the admission to these employments of our non-Mussulman subjects whose integrity and capacity have been recognized." It is true that Armenian officials increased in number and influence from 1839 until the accession of Abdul Hamid, when, in accordance with his policy of crippling the race, he began to crowd them out of office. And in this fact we find the first reason for widespread discontent, and among such men thrown out of office sprang up fit leaders in revolutionary agitation. So small had become the number of non-Mussulman officials that in March, 1895, the Sultan could remark to Sir Philip Currie that he thought of introducing a certain number of Armenian functionaries into the public service, but of course the increase of the number would depend upon the behavior of such functionaries, and would necessarily be gradual. Whereupon Sir Philip replied that they considered in England no class was likely to obtain the treatment to which it was entitled unless it had some voice in the direction of affairs. For this reason they had gradually extended the suffrage in England, and they felt that the Armenians would never be justly treated until they were admitted to a larger share in the administration. He accordingly ventured to represent to his Majesty that they ought to receive appointments in all branches of the administration in proportion to their numbers. But the Sultan, with his usual agility, turned back on what he first said by declaring that this was already the case, and there were Christian mudirs, kaïmakams, etc. But Sir Philip Currie answered that he feared that practice in the provinces did not agree with the theory.

While Christians are to be found as advocates, as minority members in courts and councils, as assistant engineers, architects, and government physicians, they have been strangers to the positions of governor, secretary, treasurer, judge, and have been ousted from the post and telegraph employ as well. The increase of intelligence among the Christians was too rapid, their cleverness and cunning were too much for the slow-going Turk, so Christians were sent to the rear before they should seize the command in the van. Accordingly the recommendations made last October to the governments of Great Britain, France, and Russia by their ambassadors included among the provisions for the protection of life and property of the Christians a Christian assistant to Shakir Pasha, who is High Commissioner of Reforms, the specification of the participation of Christians in the administration, the opening of the posts of Vali and mutessarif to Christians, and the attachment of Christian assistants to Mohammedan Valis and mutessarifs. Before October the Sultan had refused to make the governorships free to Christians, and at last he left open only governorships of the third class, although he was persuaded to allow Christians positions as officers of the gendarmerie of the vilayet.

One other method of securing the government against the invasion of Christian officials was to gerrymander the dangerous districts with all of the wisdom of a Yankee. Bitlis was formerly a part of the province of Van, at a time when the majority of the inhabitants of that province were Christians. But by cutting off the sandjak of Bitlis and attaching to it Kurdish sandjaks from the adjoining provinces of Erzerum, Diarbekir, etc., the Christian majorities were effectually converted into minorities. Afterwards the province of Hekkiari, to the south of Van, and the vilayet of Van were united in a single province. Thus predominating Christian influence was made impossible in any one vilayet. For a province largely Christian, with officials and government employés chosen in proportion to the number of Mussulman and non-Mussulman subjects, would form a nucleus for an autonomous Armenia, and must not be allowed to exist.

In the Instructions relative to the general administration of the vilayets, given in 1876, there is recommended the amelioration of formalities in the execution of property titles and a strict observance of the law in the transfer of land. Again, in the points of reform annexed to the Viziriel letter in October of last year was to be found an article stating that "in the chief cities of the vilayets and sandjaks should be instituted commissions for the revision of titles to property." But what is needed is a change in the land system of the country, if ever interminable lawsuits are to be made infrequent, or real progress, material progress, is to take up its abode in Turkey. When two lawyers equally well versed in the law, with equally long experience in the courts extending over a period of thirty or forty years, will seldom draw any but contrary conclusions from reasonings based on but one set of passages from the law, the hope of exactness or of easy law processes under the present system is a visionary's dream. The difficulties are increased by the custom of giving a backsheesh to some cadi, by which a man can secure any statements he wishes about a certain property, even to certificates of the deaths of heirs when the people are alive. Then a clever man, thirty years after, finds a flaw, and works up a case whose final settlement plays havoc among property-owners. Such a case has come up recently in Constantinople, and has divided the English community into two hostile factions.

The great source of all this trouble is vacf, or real property of which the *dominium plenum* does not belong to the occupant, but of which he has only the use. By confining the term vacf to real property "it may be defined as any parcel of land, with or without any building on it, really belonging in mortmain to some pious institution, like a mosque, but held by a tenant possessor on certain conditions in consideration of a price paid for use or possession and a small yearly or monthly rent." This kind of property originated in the endeavor to foil the government in its oppressive measures. If a man made over his property to a mosque, then no failure on his part to pay taxes could put the land into government hands; nor could grasping officials seize a man's property by force or fraud and reduce the owner to the condition of a serf, when he had once become a renter of what was formerly his own property; for in making over the land he would retain for himself the use of it during his lifetime. Then, two hundred years ago, inheritance of the right of occupancy was allowed, so that buildings would be put up by renters and the land improved. Such an excellent method of evading government oppression was this found to be that to-day nearly the whole of Constantinople is vacf property, and a large amount is to be found in the interior. Réclus estimated the amount of vacf property in European Turkey about the year 1870 to be one-third of the total amount of property.

So minute and complicated are the regulations concerning vacf and inheritance of occupancy that Turkey is good grazing-land for lawyers. There is no careful keeping of records in the interior, and a mere verbal exchange of land, with witnesses, is often deemed sufficient. Even where there are written deeds they are disregarded by the government so often that they are considered but little security against fraud. I have already told in another article of the seizing of a whole village and its surrounding land in the province of Van by a sheik, although the inhabitants had deeds and had been in possession for generations, and the sheik's father had owned only a few small parcels of land in the district. But the courts in Constantinople set aside all evidence and transferred the ownership.

The most serious hinderance to development of mines in the country, or to the establishment of any large enterprise, is the impossibility, according to Mohammedan law, of the holding of property by companies or corporations. Any property must be held in the name of one individual, and no company of stockholders is willing to trust to the honesty of any one man in holding large interests for the corporation. Only an imperial iradé granting special concessions can give a German company the right to build, own, and operate the railroad from Haidar-Pasha to Angora, or allow an English company to work the lead-mines in Shabin Karahissar; and as the Sultan is opposed to the extension of European influence, concessions are not forth-coming upon the first application. So it is that the enormous mineral wealth of the country lies untouched.

In 1866, when the influx of Circassians occurred, and again in 1878, when Lazes and Kapaks established themselves in various parts of Asia Minor, property rights of the old inhabitants were disregarded in order to give fields to the new-comers; and to-day it is an ordinary occurrence for a consular agent to listen to a pitiful story of how a man's land was taken from him by force, piece by piece, until scarcely a garden patch is left. Some spring morning he had gone out to his fields as usual, but had found a Kapak, or a Circassian, or even a Turk, cultivating the ground, and when he attempted to drive his own oxen or buffalo over the land, a gun was levelled at him and he was ordered off the premises, and off the premises he went, and there was no redress in the courts. So the helpless peasant buries the story of his wrongs in the ears of a foreign official, and the interloper by possession has title to the land.

The laws against corruption cover many pages and go into great detail. It is provided that an agent in government employ who corrupts others, or has been corrupted, or assists in any way in the work of corruption, shall be imprisoned for a time and shall be deprived of his employment for six years. Anybody of whom has been demanded money to save life, property, or honor can demand restitution and secure severe punishment of the offender. Whoever embezzles public funds and state resources can never again exercise any public function. These are the statements of the law. Yet nobody supposes that there is an honest official in Constantinople. Ask any lawyer how cases are decided. "Not according to law, to be sure," he will reply, with a smile, "but—well, we can generally manage it if you have a long purse." When money is paid to a false witness, both he who gives and he who takes will be punished with these penalties for corruption. But thirty years after this promise was given, the delegates to the sittings of the Sassun Commission of Inquiry tell the story of one Armenian who was threatened with death if he witnessed against the soldiers; but if he obeyed the government officials he was to receive fifty dollars, ten oxen, five hundred sheep, the reconstruction of his village free, the office of head man of the village, and the restoration of three hundred and sixty pounds Turkish taken from his brother.

There are other provisions of the law relative to slave trade, immorality, schools, etc., that I will consider in connection with other general subjects.

In this very superficial review of Turkish law I have made no attempt to consider the atrophy of Mohammedan law, and have touched upon only some of the regulations of the Napoleonic Code. As my desire was to picture internal conditions, I have ignored those provisions of the code relating to the central government in Constantinople, and have quoted only those sections which have formed the basis for further proposals of reform. In confining the review to the conditions under the Napoleonic Code, which was forced upon Turkey in order to protect non-Mussulman subjects, it was necessary to ignore the grievances of the Turks, to which I hope to give full expression at another time.

But however superficial the review may be called, I think it is sufficiently thorough to show that the Napoleonic Code is only a kind of sheep's clothing for the concealment of evil, or rather armor to protect the possessor from decapitation or division by European nations. And since these nations themselves dread the fight over the spoil, they send their servants occasionally to mend the coat of mail. The last effort of this kind has not had a prosperous beginning, but the world waits to "give time to the Sultan."

The reforms are disappointing when we consider the little advance made upon the law as found in Aristarchi. The guarantees are few. To be sure there is a High Commission of Control in the capital, composed of Christians and Mussulmans, to whom the dragomans of the ambassadors can make representations; Valis and mutessarifs are to have Christian assistants, and kaïmakams may be Christians; but the tenure of office has not been fixed; Christians are not admitted to the posts of governor-general and governor; there are no representative Provincial General Councils, such as were recommended, and which were to have influence over the acts of Valis. Centralization is as great as ever, for every gubernatorial appointment is made by the Sultan, except that of mudir, and the Vali appoints the mudir. Local treasuries in the nahies have been refused, as has also local payment of educational expenses. The articles treating of the gendarmerie record the greatest change with their provisions for Christian members and officers. Declarations are made that the Hamedieh regiments of Kurds shall be amenable to the ordinary courts when not on duty, but the method by which this result might be accomplished is ignored. The Sultan's own summary of the past made to the British ambassador is not a promising forecast of the future:

"The Sultan then entered into a long historical disquisition, with the object of showing that the issue of a new Hatt would be futile. He referred to the Hatt of Gulhané and the Hatti Sherif of his father; the latter had been a bone of contention between the French partisans, Ali and Fuad Pashas, on the one hand, and Reschid Pasha, an English partisan, on the other, and when finally promulgated had led to much hostile feeling on the part of the Sheik-ul-Islam and other Moslem leaders. Yet, after all, the practical result had been small. When he came to the throne he had put into force some clauses of his father's Hatt; he had instituted a Parliament, in which there were a certain number of ignorant and childish people, and which had to be suspended. He had reformed the administration of justice, and had inaugurated a new code. The present reforms were only an elaboration of the former Hatti Sherif, and in his opinion there was no need to publish them *in extenso*. He had caused a notice to be put in the press that certain reforms would be taken in hand, and that was sufficient; a further publication would not carry conviction to any one. His object was to adopt the reforms in practice, and then the people could learn what their nature was."

But alas! words and not deeds are the bone and sinew of Turkish reforms, and only in a foreign occupation like that of Egypt can the tissues of the Turkish government fabric be renewed. TIMOTHY PITKINS.

THE SENATOR'S LAST TRADE.

A DROVE of lean cattle were swinging easily over Black Mountain, and behind them came a big man with wild black hair and a bushy beard. Now and then he would gnaw at his mustache with his long yellow teeth, or would sit down to let his lean horse rest, and would flip meaningly at the bushes with a switch. Sometimes his bushy head would droop over on his breast, and he would snap it up sharply and start painfully on. Robber, cattle-thief, outlaw he might have been in another century; for he filled the figure of any robber hero in life or romance, and yet he was only the Senator from Bell, as he was known in the little Kentucky capital; or, as he was known in his mountain home, just the Senator, who had toiled and schemed and grown rich and grown poor; who had suffered long and was kind.

Only that Christmas he had gutted every store in town. "Give me everything you have, brother," he said, across each counter, and next day every man, woman, and child in the mountain town had a present from the Senator's hand. He looked like a brigand that day, as he looked now, but he called every man his brother, and his eye, while black and lustreless as night, was as brooding and just as kind.

When the boom went down, with it, and with everybody else, went the Senator. Slowly he got dusty, ragged, long of hair. He looked tortured and ever-restless. You never saw him still. Always he swept by you, flapping his legs on his lean horse or his arms in his rickety buggy here, there, everywhere—turning, twisting, fighting his way back to freedom—and not a murmur. Still was every man his brother, and if some forgot his once open hand, he forgot it no more completely than did the Senator. He went very far to pay his debts. He felt honor bound, indeed, to ask his sister to give back the farm that he had given her, which, very properly people said, she declined to do. Nothing could kill hope in the Senator's breast; he would hand back the farm in another year, he said; but the sister was firm, and without a word still the Senator went other ways and schemed through the nights, and worked and rode and walked and traded through the days, until now, when the light was beginning to glimmer, his end was come.

This was the Senator's last trade, and in sight, down in a Kentucky valley, was home. Strangely enough, the Senator did not care at all, and he had just enough sanity

left to wonder why, and to be worried. It was the "walking typhoid" that had caught up with him, and he was listless, and he made strange gestures and did foolish things as he stumbled down the mountain. He was going over a little knoll now, and he could see the creek that ran around his house, but he was not touched. He would just as soon have lain down right where he was, or have turned around and gone back, except that it was hot and he wanted to get to the water. He remembered that it was nigh Christmas; he saw the snow about him and the cakes of ice in the creek. He knew that he ought not to be hot, and yet he was—so hot that he refused to reason with himself even a minute, and hurried on. It was odd that it should be so, but just about that time, over in Virginia, a cattle dealer, nearing home, stopped to tell a neighbor how he had tricked some black-whiskered fool up in the mountains. It may have been just when he was laughing aloud over there, that the Senator, over here, tore his woollen shirt from his great hairy chest and rushed into the icy stream, clapping his arms to his burning sides and shouting in his frenzy.

"If he had lived a little longer," said a constituent, "he would have lost the next election. He hadn't the money, you know."

"If he had lived a little longer," said the mountain preacher high up on Yellow Creek, "I'd have got that trade I had on hand with him through. Not that I wanted him to die, but if he had to—why—"

"If he had lived a little longer," said the Senator's lawyer, "he might have cleaned off the score against him."

"If he had lived a little longer," said the Senator's sister, not meaning to be unkind, "he would have got all I have."

That was what life held for the Senator. Death was more kind.

JOHN FOX, JUN.

ASPIRATION.

To live immortal—to remain
Deep in men's hearts when life has passed away,
To lend some solace to their hours of pain,
To add some brightness to earth's sombre gray,
Has been the dream of many,
A dream which few, if any,
May hope to realize; yet none the less
That dream has been the source from which have sprung
The thoughts that men count noblest, and confess
Worthiest of all mankind has said or sung.

The dreams best worth the dreaming live
Not in accomplishment, but in the hope
Of the far future; it is these that give
To man's endeavor dignity and scope.
To write for future ages
Brings little present wages;
But the small soul that seeks its wages down,
That would be paid in coin which it can spend,
Seeks a bank balance rather than a crown,
And justly earns oblivion in the end.

OWEN HALL.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

SO, quite wearied with the chase, we went to the nearest farm, which, as it happened, was that of Chapeldonnan. It stood quite by the roadside. A tall, large-boned woman came to the gate with a pail of pigs' meat in her hand.

"What seek ye?" she said. "We want nae travelling folk about Chapeldonnan."

We told her that we were merchants going to Ireland, and that we had been attacked by a set of rascals upon the way, whom we had made flee.

"They are no that ill in this pairt o' the country. They wad only hae killed you," she said. "It is doon aboot the Bennane that the ill folk bide."

I told her that killing was bad enough for me, and that I was puzzled to know what worse she could mean.

So with some reluctance she bade us come in. The wide quadrangle of the farm buildings was defended like a fortress. The gate was spiked and barred with iron from post to post, as though it had been the gate of a fighting-baron instead of the yett of a tenant devised only to keep in the kye.

We asked civilly for the master of the house, and somewhat hastily the woman answered us.

"The guidman's no at hame. He has been away owerby at the Craig to win the harvest of the solan-geese and sea-parrots."

"Your husband is tenant of the rock?" I said. For it is always worth finding out what a man like James Bannatyne may be doing, or at least what he thinks it advisable to tell.

"Ow ay," she said, "and a bonny holding it is. Gin it werena for the Ailsa cocks, the conies, and the doos it wad be a millstone aboot our necks, for we have to pay sweetly for the rent o' it to my Lady of Bargany."

"But," said I, "it belongs to the Earl, does it not?"

The mistress of Chapeldonnan looked at us.

"Ye are twa well-put-on men to be so ignorant. Ye maun hae been lang awa' frae this pairt o' the country, no to ken that this neighborhood is very unhealthy for the friends o' the Earl o' Cassillis to come here. Faith, the last that cam' speerin' for rent and mails, gat six inch o' cauld steel in the wame o' him!"

"And what," said the Dominie, "became o' him after that? Did he manage to recover?"

"Na, na. He was buried in Colmonell kirkyaird. Boghead gied him a resting-grave and a head-stone. It was thought to be very kind o' him. It was Boghead himsel' that stickit him."

"Ye see what it is to be a Christian, goodwife!" said the Dominie.

"Ow ay, lad," said the goodwife, placidly; "that was generally remarked at the time. Ye see, Boghead was aye a forgiein' man a' his days. But for a' that it was the general opinion o' the pairish that the thing might be carried ower far, when it cam' to buryin' my Lord of Cassillis's folks!

"I hae been deevin' at our guidman to gie up the Craig. For it keeps him a deal from hame, and I aye tell him that he carries awa' mair than he brings back o' drink and victual. But he says that the rock is a maist extraordinary hungrysome place!"

"It has that name," said I, unwarily.

She stopped and looked at me with sudden suspicion.

"What ken ye aboot the Ailsa?" she asked, looking directly at me.

"Nocht ava," I replied; "but a' sea-side places hae the name o' making you ready for your meal of meat."

"Hoot, no," replied Mistress Bannatyne. "Now there's me. I canna do mair than tak' a pickin' o' meat, like a sparrow on the lip o' the swine-pot. Yet Chapeldonnan is but a step frae the sea."

She was at that moment lifting a heavy iron pot off the cleps or iron hooks by which it hung over the fireplace in the midst of the kitchen floor.

"I hae aye been delicate a' my days, and it is an awsome thing for a woman like me to be tied to a big eater like James, that never kens when he has his fill, like a corbie howkin' at a sheep till there was naething left but the horns and the tail."

I thought we might get some information about the Bennane which might be of use to us when we went thither.

"Goodwife," said I, "we are thinking of going by Ballantrae to the town of Stranrawer. The direct way, I hear, is by the Bennane. What think ye—is the road a good one?"

"Ye are a sonsy lad," she said; "ye wad mak' braw pickin' for the teeth o' Sawny Bean's bairns. They wad roast your ribs fresh and fresh till they had done. Syne they would pickle your quarters for the winter, the like o' you wad be as guid as a Christmas mart to them."

"Hoot, goodwife," said I, "ye ken that a' the talk aboot Sawny Bean's folk is juist blethers—made to scare bairns frae gallivanting at night."

"Ye'll maybe get news o' that gin Sawny puts his knife intil your throat. Ye hae heard o' my man. James Bannatyne is not a man easily feared, but no for the Earldom o' Cassillis wad he gang that shore road to Ballantrae his lane."

And, indeed, there were in the country-side enough tales of travellers who had disappeared, of pools of blood frozen in the morning, of travellers' footsteps that went so far and then were lost in a smother of tracks made by naked feet running every way. But I kept on. I wanted to hear the bruit of the country, and what were our chances.

While we were thus talking, and the Dominie by whiles playing a spring upon his pipes, there came in a man of a black and grewsome countenance. We knew him at once for the master of Chapeldonnan, James Bannatyne, for he came in as only a master comes into a house. He was renowned for his great strength all over Carrick. He turned on us a lowering countenance as he went clumsily by into an inner room, carrying an armful of nets. I noted that the twine had not been wet, so that his fishing had not come to much. But at the door he flung down a back-load of birds—solan-geese and the bird called "the foolish cock of the rock," and also "Tammy nories." So I guessed that he had either been over the water at Ailsa, or desired to have it thought so.

His wife went ben the room to him. We could hear the sulky giant's growling questions as to who we were, and his wife's brisk replies. Presently she came out, looking a little dashed.

"James has come in rather tired," she said, "and he will need to lie down and hae a sleep."

"In that case, mistress," I said, "we will e'en thank you for your kindly hospitality and take our ways."

She followed us to the door, and I think she was wonderfully glad to get us safe away without bloodshed.

"Be sure that ye gang na by the Bennane. The folk that bide there are no canny."

So we thanked her again and took our way, breathing more freely also to have left the giant behind.

We had not gone far, however, when we spied her husband hastening after us across the field. He came up with us by a turn of the road.

"We harbor no spies at Chapeldonnan," he said, bending sullen brows at us, "and that I would have you know."

"We are no spies on you or on any honest man," I said. "We are honest merchants on our way to Stranrawer, and called in to ask the way."

"Ye speered ower mony questions of my wife to be honest men," he said.

"And why," said the Dominie, birsing up as one that is ready to quarrel, "in this realm of Scotland may not a man without offence ask his way from the honest wife of an honest man so long as he asks no favor more intimate?"

At this the giant made a blow at the little Dominie. He had a large cudgel in his hand, and he struck without warning, like the ill-conditioned ruffian that he was. But he fell on with the wrong man when he tried to take Dominie Muir unawares. For the little man was as gleg as a hawk, having been accustomed to watch the eyes of boys all his life; ay, those often of lads bigger than himself. So that, long before the stroke of the fellow came near him, the Dominie had sprung to the side, and was ready, with his whinger in his hand, to spit Bannatyne upon the point. For me I did not think it even worth my while to draw, for I had brought my plain sword, fearing that in some of the company which on our wanderings we might keep the Earl's Damascus blade might overmuch excite cupidity.

But instead I ordered the fellow away as one that had authority. It was not for Launcelot Kennedy to mix himself with a brawling dog like Chapeldonnan.

"It wants but little," cried the little man, "that I should spit you through like a paddock to set for geds. And but for your wife's sake, who is a civil-spoken woman, by ill fortune tied to a ruffian, I should do it."

Then, seeing that we were overstrong for him, James Bannatyne took himself away, growling curses and threatenings as to what should happen to us before we got clear of Carrick. However, we took little heed to the empty boaster, but went down into the town of Girvan.

Here it came to my mind to hire a boat and provision her as it were to go to the island of Arran. And nothing would set me till I had it done. So on the south beach we found a man cleaning such a boat as we needed, with a half-deck on her and a little mast which would go either up or down. For three merks in silver we got the use of the boat for a month, and with her both suitable oars and sails. He was going to the haying in the parish of Colmonell, the owner said. But lest we should lose her we must deposit with the minister or the provost of the town other thirty merks as the value of the boat, which money should again be ours when we returned to claim it. So to the provost we went, whom we found a hearty red-faced man, a dealer in provisions and all eatables. Of these we took a sufficient cargo on board, and early one morning we laid our course for the Isle of Arran.

But when we had gone scrieving well across with a following wind we lay to under Pladda till it was dusk, and then with a wind shifted to our quarter we bore down on Ailsa. I knew not very well what we should find there. But I judged that we might at least come on some traces of the murderous crew that would help us to clear some of their secrets. For I judged that James Bannatyne did not spend his nights out of bed in order to get a few solan-geese off the rocks of Ailsa.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DEFENCE OF CASTLE AILSA.

Now the Isle of Ailsa is little but a great lumping crag set in the sea. Nevertheless, it has landing-place and pasturage, house of refuge and place of defence. The place was not new to me, for I had gone thither out of curiosity after the matter of Barclay, Laird of Ladyland, who, in his madness, thought to make it a place of arms for the Baptists in the year of the Spanish Armada, but was prevented and slain at the instance of Andrew Knox, one of the good reforming name, minister of Paisley, who was a wonderfully clever man and accounted a good preacher; and on this occasion he showed himself a better fighter, which upon Ailsa Craig, at least, is more to the purpose.

In the dusk of the morning we ran into the spit of shingle which is upon the eastern side, and watching our chance, we drew the boat ashore. The sea was chill and calm, only a little ruffled by the night wind, and the sun was brightening the land to the east, so that the Byne Hill and brown Carrick stood black against it.

With great stealth and quiet we went up the narrow path, seeing nothing, however, but a pasturing goat that sprang away as we came near. It was eerie enough work, for the sea-birds clanged beyond us, yammering and chunnering querulously among themselves on the main cliffs at the farther side of the isle. It grew a little lighter when we came to the narrow path which leads to the castle.

Suddenly the castle is before us, very dark and grim. I declare it was like marching up to the cannon's mouth to walk up that little flight of stairs which led to the door in the wall. Nevertheless, I went first, with a curious pricking up my back and a slackness about the knees. So we entered. There was only emptiness in all the chambers. It had been ruined and spoiled. For since its taking by the Protestant party it had not been touched or put in defence.

"Now I will bring up the provender. Keep you the castle," said I to the little Dominie, as soon as we were certified that we were first in possession.

So I went down and made first one back-load and then another of those things which we had bought at Girvan and placed in the boat. I brought all the ammunition for the hackbut and the pistols. It was gray and clear, day breaking with only a rack of cloud racing up the far side of Kilbrannan Sound to hang upon the chill shark's teeth of Arran. Upon my return I was glad to find the castle intact and the little man seated calmly with a book in his hand.

"Did you never so much as shut the outer door?" I asked him.

"And shut you without," said he. "Is it likely? Ye might have had to come along that footpath with only your legs to keep your tail, and Tam o' Drummurchie or Sawny Bean jumping ahint ye!"

So before we went to examine the nooks and crannies of the Craig, either for enemies or treasure-boxes, we resolved to put the castle into as good a state of defence as we could.

First, we drew in the rough wooden steps which led to the door in the wall by which we had entered, so that only the little projections whereon the wood had rested were left to afford foothold. Then we closed and barricaded the door, for the iron bolt was yet in its place and ran securely into the stone of the wall itself for quite two feet.

When the day broke fully, I went to the turret-top to look about me.

"Save us!" I cried down to the little man. "Come hither, Dominie. Is not that our boat out there with men in her?"

The Dominie ran up and looked long.

"Ay, deed is it that," he made answer. "We are trapped, Launcelot, for all our cleverness. And if these chiefs be our enemies, I doubt not that we are as good as dead men in the jaws of the Wolf of Drummurchie."

The men in the boat kept leaning back and looking up at the cliffs as if to get sight of something. Sometimes they went completely out of sight, as it had been close into the bulk of the isle, to look into some cave or lurking-place.

"We had better look carefully to our priming, and set a watch," said I. "We shall have visitors this day, or my name is not Launcelot Kennedy."

But the hours passed from nine till noon before we heard a sound or saw a living creature beside the geese and the gulls. After the boat had gone westward out of sight we waxed weary at our posts on the top of the turret. I went down to look at the cupboards of the chambers. There I was rooting and exploring when I heard the Dominie whispering loudly to me to come up hastily into the tower.

There was a stone came pelting against the wall on the side towards the hill. Now the castle sits on the verge of the precipice, and only a narrow path leads to it along the cliff. But behind there is a little court-yard, now mostly ruined and broken down. It was from that side Dominie Muir whispered to me that the stone had come.

"Tut, man," said I, "you are losing your nerve with

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

this playing of hide-and-seek. It was but a goat's foot that spurned it, and so it came bumming down the hill-side."

"Then," he replied, grimly, "it was a goat as big as an elephant, and it will ding over this castle into the sea. For no ordinary goat could have stirred the stone I saw; it popped over the heuch like a cannon-ball."

But we were soon to have other company besides the stone.

Presently there came a man walking daintily and carefully along the path which led to the door of the tower. Now he pulled at a flower, and now he skipped a stone over the cliff, for all the world as if it were a Sabbath afternoon and he were waiting for his lass. But I knew better, for I heard his harness clattering under his loose coat of blue.

"Where gang ye so blythe, my bonny man?" cried the Dominie, suddenly, from my elbow. The man started back and set his hand beneath his cloak; but the Dominie cried:

"Keep awa' your hand frae your hip, young man. Ye may need it to preserve your balance on the foot-path. And gie me your attention for a weel."

The man did as he was bid, and cast his eye aloft, where the mouth of a hackbut looked down upon him.

"Your name, friend?" said the Dominie.

"I am James Carrick, from the parish of Barr," said the man at last.

"Aye, aye, slee Jamie, Drummurchie's man," said the Dominie, with meaning. "When the man is pooin' gowans and skytin' stanes the maister is no that far awa'. Noo, James, e'en turn you aboot and gang your ways. And tell your maister that his black murder is found out, and that there are those on their way to this isle that will put the irons on his heels."

So the man who had called himself James Carrick turned obediently about and marched away the way he had come. Probably he had been sent for nothing more than to know if we had stolen a march upon them, and taken possession of the strength of the castle. They had our boat; there was no question of that. We were therefore set with only two back-loads of powder and provisions to stand a siege in a small and ruinous tower upon a barren cliff.

Nor was it long before we had news of the enemy. For as we strolled up and down the battlement walk, which, as is common in such little fortalices, went round three sides of the tower—that is, round every side except that which looks inward to the cliff edge—a number of scattering shots came from all about, but chiefly from above.

We could hear them whistling over us as we ducked our heads. We got ready our guns to fire in return so soon as a head showed. But the many bowlders and rocky humps about gave the enemy great shelter, so that it was no easy thing to take aim at them. However, I did get a steady shot at an incautious leg; and on the back of the crack of the gun came a great torrent of swearing, which was a good sign.

All we could do was to keep the little court-yard clear, and to shoot whenever we saw a bonnet rise up or a limb incautiously exposed. But we both longed for something more lively to put an end to our suspense.

Nor had we long to wait.

From the east side, which looks to the sea, there came the sound of a loud report, a tumble of stones, and then a loud, continual, and pitiful crying, as of a man hurt unto death. I ran up into the tower above and set my head through a loop-hole. Beneath me lay a fine-looking young man, with a red bonnet fallen aside, clad in a short white coat, with doublet and hose. He was unarmed so far as I could see.

"Who are you, and what brought you there?" I cried to him from the turret loop.

A massy stone fallen from the castle lay on his chest, and other rocks and stones were heaped about his legs. He turned his eyes upward at me and tried twice to speak.

"SHE WAS AT THAT MOMENT LIFTING A HEAVY IRON POT OFF THE CLEPS OR IRON HOOKS BY WHICH IT HUNG OVER THE FIREPLACE."

At last he said: "I am Allan Crosby, from Auchneel. I brought you a letter from my Lord Cassillis. I landed below and came up by the path, but when I got near I heard firing and saw the door shut. So I tried to climb up the castle wall to cry in at the window to you, because you were my friends. And even as I climbed, the stones of the castle fell upon me, and are crushing the life out of me."

"Where is the letter from my Lord?" said I.

The man cast his eyes about him as if to look for it.

"I had it in my hand just now," he said.

I saw a scrap of parchment a little way from him, and asked if that were the letter.

"Tie it to a cord for me," said I, "that I may see it."

But, by reason of his wounds, he was not able to reach it. And the stones pressed so bitterly on his breast that he could do nothing but lie and groan most piteously.

"Oh, help me, or end my misery, for the love of God," he cried, earnestly, "for I am at the point of death in this agony."

I went all round the top of the tower and looked about every way. Our enemies had retired further up the cliff, and were contenting themselves with firing an occasional shot, which fell harmless against the walls, buzzed among the battlements, or sang past us into the sea.

I called the Dominie.

"Come to the door," said I. "I cannot bide still and see that man suffer. He says that he has come with a letter from my Lord. It may be so. I will at least go and see. Drummurchie's men have gone up the face of the rock, and the wounded man cannot hurt me much, even if he were willing."

Then the Dominie pled with me not to go. "Because," said he, "you know not whether it be not an ambush."

"I cannot let a fellow-creature be crushed to pieces before my eyes and abide to hear his death-cries," I cried. "Come down, and hold you the door open."

So with that I undid the bolts and put the Dominie behind it. I set my feet upon the jutting stones on which the wooden stair usually rested, and so scrambled dangerously down, holding to the wall with my right hand the while. When I came at him the lad was lying on his back, with the stones edgewise on his breast. I asked him how he did. He seemed past speech, but was able to motion me round to the further side. There I stooped gently to raise the great stone that lay upon his bosom.

I stepped carefully about and turned my body to render him my aid as tenderly as I could. But I got a sudden and terrible surprise, and though I am not one much given to fear, I own that it shook my heart. The fellow, even as I stepped over him, flung off the stones as if they had been feather-weights, and leaped upon his own feet with a bended pistol in his hand, and stood striding across the path which led back again to the castle door.

At the same moment I heard a shout of warning from the Dominie that the enemy were coming down the brae. I had no time to draw my dagger, and for greater lightness I had left my sword behind. I saw the rascal make him ready to fire at me, aiming at my heart. So I remembered a French trick of high kicking which Robert Harburgh had once shown me. For he had been in France at the schools with his master the Earl, and had learned much besides philosophy there.

So I gave the fellow my foot, shod with toe-plates, full upon his wrist, which knocked the pistol up against his chin with a stunning crash. In the next moment I leaped at his throat and overbore him, spurning him as I passed. I can remember leaping from the top of one of the very stones the traitor had pulled down upon the top of himself.

Then I ran fleet-foot for the entrance of the castle. Others of the enemy were just coming about the corner when I reached the jutting points of stone. With my heart in my mouth I sprang up the little juts of rock. I was almost within and in safety, but I had not counted upon the swiftness and resource of my gentleman of the fallen stone. He was upon my heels in spite of the thundering blow he had gotten on the jaw from the pistol. But luckily my brave little friend the Dominie stood ready behind the door, and as soon as my hindmost foot was over the threshold he set his strength to the iron door, and sent it to its fastening with such a force that it struck the pursuer fair on the face with a stunning crash. As a stone is driven from a sling, so he fell whirling over the stair-head, and, unable to stop himself, he went, gripping vainly at the rock-weeds, headlong over the cliff.

This, however, being behind the door, and fully employed in securing it, we did not know at the time. But when we went again to the top of the tower, we saw the enemy swarming down the cliff side to render him some assistance, or it might be to recover his body.

"Ask him if he has another letter from my Lord the Earl," cried the Dominie after them.

"And serve him right well, the treacherous hound," added the Dominie.

But I said nothing, for I thought he would mind the kick that I gave him.

That night Thomas of Drummurchie and all his folk removed from the cave where they had abode. They went in our boat and in the boat of James Bannatyne of Chapeldonnan to the mainland, being frightened (as I guess) by our declaration that there were those coming who would deliver them to justice. And being dismayed, as I make no doubt, by our stanch and desperate defence.

Thus we were left alone on the muckle weary rock which men call Ailsa, and which thousands of free men and women look at every day without a thought of the poor prisoned folk upon it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEUR SPORT

VALENTINE G. HALL.

NOTHING HAS SO ENTIRELY DEMONSTRATED the dawn of a wholesome sporting sentiment in the middle West as the acceptance of the spirit of the rules suggested at the Chicago conference, February 8th, even though exceptions were taken to the letter in one or two particulars.

Especially is this true of the general attitude towards that rule which gives all the colleges the privilege of playing their professionals until autumn. The decision not to make the rule against men who had coached for money or played for money, *ex post facto*, leaves athletic matters for this year quite loose of course, and affords an opportunity for the vicious within the actual letter of the law. Until next autumn there might easily be more flagrant professionalism than has hitherto been seen, yet there is actually a lessened disposition to play even those eligible under the non-retroactive rule, and, so far, no new offenders.

To say this is to be abundantly eloquent in praise of Western men for their honor in sport. Whoso offends this year must indeed be depraved.

AND IT IS ALL DUE to the understanding at last of what honest sport means to a university, to an individual; to the birth of a better spirit and a more widespread conception of amateurism, resulting probably from the recent discussions. After all it is the sentiment that counts. Reforms will come as fast as the honest, manly sentiment strengthens in our universities—and no faster. You may hold men in check by rules, but you make no converts to your cause unless the heart is moved. The spirit of amateur sport—that's what we wish at all our schools and colleges and universities. Once it is attained, there will be little need to worry over rules.

With the full authority of their rules, most of the larger middle Western universities will play men in baseball whose amateur standing has been forfeited, but there has as yet been no suspicion of "inducing" or tolerating new offences against the spirit implied in that ruling. There is, too, an excellent universal feeling that the man who loafs through college to play on its athletic teams should be held to a strict accounting in the class-room. I trust Northwestern will evince an appreciation of the general sentiment in its relations with Sickles.

In general the outlook in the middle West is encouraging, not only in the growing appreciation of the ethics of sport, but in the settling of the athletic atmosphere to a more rational plane. In other words, that baneful "boom" has partially collapsed. For two or three years the athletic atmosphere was feverish; now a readjustment has taken place for a steady healthful growth, and collegiate athletics are already viewed in more soberness.

THE RULES SUGGESTED at that Chicago conference, and published in this Department at the time, have been accepted *in toto* only by Wisconsin. Not an unexpected result, for Wisconsin has for some time led Western colleges in athletic reform both by precept and by example.

What Minnesota or Northwestern has done, if anything, has not reached us, and it seems as though it were quite time they gave the public some earnest of their sincerity in the movement for athletic purity. Still, as the course of the middle Western college world is dominated by the actions of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Chicago, the smaller institutions may be counted on in time to go with the majority. Meanwhile it is gratifying to know that although the rule, declaring ineligible all those who have coached or played for money, was by both Chicago and Michigan changed not to be retroactive so far as the men in their universities at present are concerned, an irreproachable standard is assured within two or three years.

WHILE WISCONSIN'S ACCEPTANCE of the rule to the full of its letter is deserving of highest praise—and surely the knowledge of having really the only amateur teams among the large middle West universities will be satisfaction indeed—I am not disposed to regard the course of Michigan and Chicago subject for unfavorable criticism. Indeed, I believe they acted with much fairness to themselves, their students, and the cause.

Many, probably the majority, of those that had offended against the ethics of amateur sport had done so ignorantly; in ignorance it was considered entirely permissible for a student to earn money in vacation by coaching for pay. It would have been unfair to such as these to debar them from further college athletics.

On the other hand, it seem to me, I should have discriminated between such men and those that had played professional baseball. Perhaps that is a distinction without a difference. At all events, the committees at these universities acted for the best to the full of their light on the subject. The chief cause for rejoicing is that the value of purity in Western college sport should have been recognized.

ANOTHER RULE REJECTED, and it would seem rather properly so, is that declaring

"No student shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest after any year who shall not have been in residence at least six months of the preceding year of his scholastic work."

Literally interpreted, this rule would debar Freshmen from athletics, and therefore work more harm than good. There is no question, however, that a six-months', or, as we have it in the East, a one-year's residence rule, to apply to those that have played on other college teams, is desirable. And this should be applicable to men entering upon any course whatsoever.

The convention failed to suggest any rule limiting the length of time a student may participate in college athletics. A serious omission it would seem, if the experience of Eastern universities counts for anything. Probably when the Western college athletic committees and faculties have had more experience in these matters, and outgrown their resentment at what they are pleased to term "Eastern dictation," they will be willing to profit by the lessons learned by those that have devoted years to the perplexing problems collegiate athletics have presented.

DESPITE THE ENCOURAGING BEGINNING, Western faculties and athletic committees will encounter many difficulties in maintaining the standard they have set. A relaxation of vigilance would work disastrously. The rules laid down must be enforced rigidly upon their own teams, and respect for them demanded from all colleges with which they come into athletic contact.

Most important of all, the awakening sentiment for wholesome sport should be carefully nourished, and everything done to put it uppermost in the undergraduates' consideration. Particularly must the standard of scholarship be insisted upon with all members of teams, regardless of the individual's athletic importance. Deviation from this principle will undo all the good work that may be attempted in other directions. Where training tables are maintained every athlete must pay into the athletic organization whatever amount he pays for his board when not in training.

Although lightly regarded in some directions, this is one of the most important principles of amateur sport.

THE WESTERN BASEBALL SEASON is not sufficiently advanced to form any very accurate estimate of individual prospects, but the little there is on which to base an opinion indicates strong nines from Chicago and Michigan. This is entirely due to the veteran and professional material each is entitled to play because of their special interpretation of the eligibility rule already discussed. At Michigan, Holmes, captain; Condon, catcher; Watkins, pitcher; Bloomingston, second base; and Hollister—all would be ineligible to an Eastern college nine, as would Nichols and Clark of Chicago.

These two universities, with Wisconsin, are showing most activity in baseball, but Wisconsin has not played enough to judge of her merits. She will naturally, in adhering strictly to an amateur basis, be much handicapped in meeting Chicago and Michigan, nevertheless it is safe to say her nine will be a good one. Defeated or victorious, Wisconsin's *alumni* and the public will not forget that her team represents the proper conception of amateur college sport. The rest is immaterial. It may be hard lines to view her rivals taking all the advantage the reconstructed rules permit in the playing of professionals until autumn, but whichever way the season's contests go, Wisconsin is the winner, because she has won in her fight for a principle—the principle of honesty and cleanliness in athletics—the vital principle of amateur sport.

BOTH CHICAGO AND MICHIGAN are strong in the box, and have abundant material, so that the games between these two will very likely be close and hard fought. Chicago will make her first Eastern trip in May; in fact, it will be the only Western college besides Michigan to have sent a nine this way. Michigan will not this year go so far from home. A wise decision, that might be adopted by all Western colleges. Except on rare and for especial occasions, it seems to be a mistake to permit this extensive travelling to college teams; it has a tendency rather to unsettle men and to belittle the remainder of the season. I cannot see that the benefits derived are in any way proportionate.

Chicago's game against the University of Illinois brings to mind the excellent showing the latter has been making in sport. That she lost this game, although displaying excellent form, is nothing. The particular something is the general athletic showing of this college, which has only 1000 students, but enthusiasm enough for three times as many. They came rapidly to the fore in track athletics last spring and in football last autumn. I hope hereafter to see their sport as pure as it is excellent. That will be cause for even greater praise.

THE COLLEGE BASEBALL SEASON, just on the verge of opening, promises good games, and, on the whole, probably a better all-round quality of ball than we have had for several years. It looks, indeed, as though we were to see some batting once again on college nines. Yale and Princeton and Pennsylvania particularly seem to have been hitting the ball hard occasionally, and there has been less of that "tail end of the batting list" which has grown to be so trying to the spectator. If these indications are to develop into something permanent we shall all rejoice exceedingly.

When the "tail end" was only the last man, or the last two men, it was not so vexing, but to have the last three or four simply marks for a good pitcher was unsatisfactory.

Yale's splendid system has again proved its efficacy, for with but three or four old men, and the balance comparatively new to the game, the nine has been brought into probably the most even form of any of the college teams to-day. Its best work has been done in the field, where the backing up of plays and of players has shown noticeably for this time of the season. In the game against the professional New York nine the virtue of team-play in the field was apparent. Despite the very evident desire of the league team to run up a score, Yale held the professionals down to four runs, and altogether showed exceedingly well.

NOR DID YALE'S BATTING SUFFER by comparison. The collegians made as many hits as the professionals, though failing to score, largely because they could not bunch their hits.

Keator has always been a hard hitter, and Trudeau, Jerrems, Greenway, McCandless, Quinby, Twombly, Smith, and Bartlett have all been doing good stick-work. Trudeau has been hit rather freely, but Greenway looks promising, and is certainly clever and deceptive. Twombly is the best of the catchers, and will probably be the final choice in the important games.

On the Easter trip Yale made 72 runs to 36 of her opponents', 61 base hits to opponents' 62, and 15 errors to opponents' 42. In stolen bases Letton leads with 8 to his credit, McCandless next with 4, and Twombly 3.

PRINCETON HAS SHOWN UP probably a little better than Yale in batting, but not so well in fielding or general team-play. It is true, too, that the pitchers Princeton has faced have not been very formidable; but, none the less, there

THE STARTERS IN THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB'S CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

is a life in the hitting that augurs well. All in all, the play is somewhat ragged, showing little of team-play, and at times scarcely coming up to the standard of previous teams at this season. The best results seem to have been reached with Titus behind the bat and Altman in the box. The latter should put up his best game this year, since he has the strength and ought to have steadied down into a reliable player. Graham helps out Titus as a back stop, and makes a fair substitute. Princeton's weakest points, however, are discovered in the battery and at second base. Indeed, her games thus far show that the nine is strong at the bat, but must needs work hard and continuously to bring up the fielding and team-play to trustworthiness. But the material averages well, and the season has scarcely opened—nor is the team yet settled upon. Princeton should work hard this year to make amends for the disappointing results of last.

OF ALL THE COLLEGE NINES, probably Pennsylvania has made more progress than any other, for when the Athletic Committee ruled out "summer-resort" players, it left Pennsylvania with few of her old men. Thus she began the season with substantially a new team, and most of the candidates inexperienced so far as 'varsity baseball is concerned. Yet the nine has done exceedingly well—all of which goes to prove the fallacy of the "star" theory. A young team with its spurs to win may almost invariably be counted on to work harder and progress more rapidly if there is any good stuff in the men at all. That there has been no dearth of material the following brief résumé of candidates will show.

Pitchers.—Wunder, '98 Medical, first year in college ball. Cantlin, '99, also first year; pitched last year on Central High-School team. Darte, '96 college, played on school nine. Fahy, '99 Medical, pitched on his class team.

Catchers.—Middleton, '96 Law, hurdle-racer, graduate of Friend's Central School, on which team he played for several years; caught on his class team last year. Hoffer, '99 Dental, was a member of last year's reserve team.

First-base.—Jackson, '97 Dental, a member of last year's reserve team.

Second-base.—Holloway, '97 Medical, former member of Lafayette College team; is an experienced player.

Third-base.—Blakely, '98 Law, captain; was a member of the 'varsity team 1894 and 1895.

Short Stop.—Wilhelm, '98 college, played on his Freshman team.

Left Field.—P. Z. Grey, '96 Dental, member of the university team of 1895.

Centre Field.—Voigt, '97 Dental, member of last year's reserve team.

Right Field.—Gorman, '96 Law, member of the university team of 1895, and graduate of Central High-School.

Other candidates: (1.) For in-field position—Huston, '98 college, captain of last year's Central High-School team; Pomroy, '99 college, graduate of the Drexel Institute; Ruegenberg, '99 college, graduate of the Manual-training School; Lucas, '98 Law, a graduate of Pennington. (2.) For out-field positions—Tracey, '97 college, played on university team 1895, and graduate of the Haverford College Grammar School.

THE COACHING HAS BEEN EXCELLENT, and the men have worked diligently, with encouraging results. Thus far neither in batting nor fielding has the nine attained the form shown by either Yale or Princeton. The batting has been heavy, but up to date of this writing they have faced no pitcher to try them very seriously. Enough has been done, however, to give hope of ultimately developing a very fair average team, possibly even better.

The make-up of the nine that has so far played the majority of games, and seems to be practically the final one, is: Wunder, Cantlin, and Darte, pitchers; Middleton, catcher; Hoffer, first base; Holloway, second base; Captain Blakeley, third base; Wilhelm, short stop; Jackson, right field; Voigt, centre field.

For the game with State College, however, Jackson was brought to first base, and Johnson, who had become eligible by working off a condition, was put in right field, leaving Hoffer as substitute catcher. This change seemed to strengthen the team, as Jackson is thoroughly at home on first, and Johnson, who takes his place in right field, is a brilliant fielder and strong bat.

They were pretty ragged in their first game with Hobart, the score at one time being 15–1 in their favor, when they weakened, and finally won by 18–16. However, they have steadily improved since, and the work generally has been satisfactory.

HARVARD HAS PLAYED TWO GAMES at this writing, losing the first to an indifferent nine, and winning the second from Tufts easily. In the first Harvard fielded loosely and batted weakly, but in the second did much better. It is rather difficult to form any opinion of the nine; first, it is too early in the season, and again on account of the team's unsettled condition. The in-field particularly has shown little stability, because of the frequent changes. The out-field is doing well, and seems to need but experience in working together to make it strong. At all events, there should be encouragement for Harvard men generally in the knowledge that in every particular—batting, base running, and fielding—the nine is doing better than last year's at this time. This is in great part due to the spirit which Captain Dean puts into the men. He is playing his own position with dash, easily leading the team in batting, and is handling the team excellently. His style of play is much like that of his brother Dudley, who also captained the Harvard nine in his day.

THE PRESENT MAKE-UP IS: T. G. Stevenson, '96, first base; Dean, '97 (captain), second base; R. H. Stevenson, '97, third base; Crawford (Law School), short stop; Rand, '98, left field; Haughton, '99, centre field; Burgess, '98, right field. In the box there are Paine, '97, Cozzens, '98, and Haughton, '99. Behind the bat Scannell, '97, O'Malley, '96, and Brown, '98. George Wrenn, '96, and Vincent, '98, are retained as in-field substitutes, and Hayes, '96, is at present the extra man for the out-field.

T. G. Stevenson rather unexpectedly covers first base again this year, his conscientious work having gained him the position, although he is not a fast or brilliant player in any respect.

R. H. Stevenson, '97, is a brother of the first-base man. The Stevenson brothers seem to have proved to be all-round athletes in making the crew, football, and baseball teams within the last three years. R. H. started the present baseball season as third base and captain of the "college" nine, but was raised to the 'varsity because of his batting in the early practice games. He filled the same position on the team in the early part of the season of '93. As an in-fielder he is active and conscientious, but rather unsteady at critical times.

Crawford covers his ground well, and is a fair batter.

Rand is a fast fielder and strong hitter. His experience and ability will give the out-field steadiness and cohesion.

Haughton, who captained the Groton School team last year, is a strong all-round player. He promises well as an out-fielder, and also as a pitcher, has good control, and in the game with Tufts displayed excellent head-work. His batting is a strong feature of his play.

Burgess, '98, played part of last season on the 'varsity team. He is a good hitter and base-runner, but does not cover much ground.

Paine is doing well in practice. His speed is good and his curves sharp, though he lacks control somewhat. He is one of the hardest hitters on the team.

Cozzens, '98, failed to get a place on the 'varsity last year because of the rule which bars first-year specials from 'varsity teams. He is a speedy pitcher and experienced player. He failed of coming up to expectations in the first game of the season, however, being hit hard.

Scannell is a known quantity behind the bat, and one of the main-stays of the team. He has not yet acquired his usual pace in batting this year. The other catchers are O'Malley, '96, and Brown, '98, both of whom played on their Freshman teams. O'Malley was substitute in '94.

Wrenn, '96, and Vincent, '98, have failed to hold their positions in the in-field because of their weakness in batting.

Hayes, '96, has just left the 'varsity squad crew, and is out with the baseball for the first time this season. He has played on the team parts of the last two seasons.

CASTING UP HARVARD'S PROSPECTS, there is good material for a strong nine, but there must be greater evidence of team-work, and sharper, cleaner fielding, if it is to develop into a winning team. The nucleus of veteran players is small, and much hard work is needed to bring the others into form. The batting is not so strong as Yale's, Princeton's, or Pennsylvania's, and the fielding thus far more ragged. Much depends on the strength in the box, which has not yet been thoroughly tested.

THE SEASON AT CORNELL is backward. There have been so many places to fill with new men and the competition has been so sharp that the final make-up of the team is even now uncertain.

The best combination thus far has been: Cobb, catcher; Young and Blair, pitchers; Johnson, first base; Beacham, second base; Affeld, third base; Haskell, short stop; Bassford, left field; Miller, centre field; Perry, right field. Of these Affeld, Cobb, and Bassford played on last year's team, Beacham being a substitute. This is Affeld's third year on the team, Cobb's fourth, and the second for Bassford and Beacham. Young, Blair, Johnson, and Miller are all first-year men, while Haskell, '98, and Perry, '98, are from last year's "scrub." Young bids fair to rank high among the college pitchers with a little more experience. Blair is a steady, reliable pitcher. Johnson is good with the bat, but will have to work hard to retain his place at first base. Miller is a hard hitter and a very clever and sure fielder. Perry and Haskell are not brilliant, but can be classified as hard workers.

OF THE OLD MEN, Affeld and Cobb need no comment; both are putting up a good game and doing much toward the development of the new team. Bassford's fielding is about as good as last year's—*i. e.*, only fair; his hitting is weak, and despite his being a regular man last year, he will have to work hard to keep some of the new men from getting his place. The choice of substitute catcher is somewhat perplexing. Of the candidates, Gannon, '98, Hattersley, '99, and Mindich, '99, the last has thus far done the best work, and on account of his strength and fairly good eye, should develop into a strong batter.

Pearson, '99, Sturdevant, '98, and Whinery, '99, are substitute pitchers, but have done nothing notable thus far. Miller, '99, who is playing in centre field, may be utilized as a pitcher. If anything, he is a better man in the pitcher's box than any one of the substitutes. Cook, '96, is the best substitute first-base man.

KINGSLEY, '99, WILL GIVE BEACHAM a hard fight for second base when he recovers his form; Beacham, however, is playing better than ever, and hitting regularly. Kingsley is, in fact, an all-round substitute of considerable promise, having had experience behind the bat as well. He is a cool, heady player. Forster, '97 Law, is expected to make a strong bid for short stop. During the past few weeks he has been suffering from an injured hand which prevented him from playing. He is a large well-built man, and has the reputation of being a hard hitter.

Such games as Cornell has played give no especial indications of what we may expect. The most encouraging sign is the generally good spirit which appears to pervade almost the entire list of candidates. And they will need spirit and hard work too, for Cornell has this year to build up practically a new team. The material is good, and the outlook for an even hard-playing nine promising.

THE INTEREST IN RACQUETS, to which we alluded recently, has been very much alive during the last two weeks at the Racquet and Tennis Club and the University Athletic Club, both of New York. There have been first and second class handicap tournaments and more entries than any one has seen before. At the Racquet Club Valentine G. Hall created a surprise, and deserves much praise for winning the club championship from such strong and experienced players as E. La Montagne and C. L. Perkins. Hall is one of the younger converts. He has been playing but two years, and came first into prominence by winning the first-class handicap last year. He seems to have introduced in his game the somewhat novel feature of volleying the service, and used it to considerable advantage in all his matches.

HE IS TO RACQUETS as yet what Sands is to golf—somewhat of a destroyer of traditions. Neither shows what is regarded as accepted form, but each is very clever none the less. The form will come later, no doubt; meanwhile they are winning. Hall is very active, and on this account and his prime physical condition saves many a point he would otherwise lose by faulty position and stroke. His particular weakness is backhand. While Hall's victories were the merited result of good hard play, it must be said that neither La Montagne nor Perkins, from lack of practice, played up to the form they have revealed in times past.

Generally speaking, the form shown in this tournament was not up to the average of the Racquet Club's standard. This may be attributed to the fact that few of the club's most skilled players were in practice, and the many comparatively younger men have not yet realized their possibilities.

PROBABLY MORE INTERESTING, simply because revealing the many converts to the game, was the second class tournament at the Racquet Club. Twenty men entered, and the several rounds left Campbell, Sadlier, Blagden, Hewett, McNeel, and Strebeigh for the semi-finals. Campbell (handicap 1 hand, 1 ace). Hewett (scratch) met in the finals, and in a close and well-fought game, Campbell won—15–8, 17–16, 16–17, 5-15, 15–9.

Campbell (handicap 5 aces) came out winner also in the first-class fives handicap, defeating Grierson (handicap 10 aces), 15–11, 15–12. This, by-the-way, is O. S. Campbell, the ex-lawn-tennis champion, who, like Hall, has taken up these in-door games in comparative recent times. This game of fives is incorrectly so called; it is really nothing more than squash racquets.

At the University Athletic Club Malcolm Graham, Jun., had practically no one to rank him, and won the first-class racquet tournament without effort. The second class tournament brought out 23 entries, and showed some very fair play, though the majority of men in this club are really just beginning. Banks, Brown, Freeland, and Hill reached the semi-finals, Brown (scratch) and Hill (5 aces) coming together in the finals, to the latter's success—11–15, 15–11, 11–8. This leaves the club championship to be decided between Hill and Graham.

The most pleasing feature of these tournaments is the number of new and younger men who are taking up the game. At both the Racquet and the University Athletic clubs twice as many are playing this year as last.

THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURE of the New York Athletic Club's cross-country run last week was the number of contestants. The opinion has spread in the last couple of years that interest in cross-country running had died, that a corporal's guard of entries could not be drummed up. The N. Y. A. C.'s effort proved the contrary. That is why we publish the group of runners. Of seventy-eight entries sixty-one toed the mark for the five-mile run. And it was an excellent run, showing fair average material, and a good percentage finishing, with M. Regan winner in 29 min. 28 sec.

The course was fairly stiff, and the event successful. The N. Y. A. C. is entitled to the gratitude of sportsmen for keeping life in one of the best forms of athletics.

Small wonder general belief had buried cross-country running, for there has been absolutely no effort made by athletic clubs to encourage it. On the contrary, the Amateur Athletic Union, with usual highly cultivated misconception of purpose, discouraged distance running recently by cutting the five-mile championship to three, and abandoning the ten-mile run and two-mile steeple-chase, which were subsequently resurrected by the New Jersey A. C. and run off in Madison Square Garden on boards!

Subsequently the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association retained the absurd and utterly useless walk on the programme of events and refused to add the three-mile run. Surely the legislation of track athletics in America is vested in intelligent bodies!

If there is any branch of athletics in which we are lamentably weak it is distance running. A three-mile race ought to be included in every set of games. We are a nation of sprinters. We should develop staying quality.

University of Pennsylvania furthered the cause by the very interesting relay racing it introduced in a general meeting last Saturday. There should be cross-country teams at every university and inter-collegiate meeting.

THE L. A. W.–A. A. U. settled their dispute intelligently and at length quietly, as was fitting, by agreement on more complete articles of alliance touching the recognition of events and individuals. As now expressed, games with cycling events, and cycling meets including games, must be sanctioned by both or none; suspended athletes and wheelmen recognized by both.

At the same meeting the A. A. U. very wisely revised the rule for reinstatement to read that:

> "No application for reinstatement to full amateur status shall be entertained unless the applicant shall have abstained from all professional conduct for two years, and such application shall only take effect upon a two-thirds majority vote at a meeting of the governors, or a two-thirds vote of the whole vote by mail."

As it read formerly, occasions might arise in which great injustice could be done.

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS REFERRED several times to the ignorance of Western and Southern newspapers touching the ethics of amateur sport. Since, however, the publication, with no comment except of a laudatory nature, of the correspondence between the secretary and the captain of the New York Athletic Club and the English runner E. C. Bredin, we are forced to conclude the ignorance is not entirely confined to the West and South. Not a word of criticism has been uttered save by "Father Bill" Curtis, the well-named mentor of athletics. Messrs. Gulick and Weeks, as secretary and captain of the N. Y. A. C., and in its behalf, challenge Bredin and Bacon, Shaw and Bradley, for match races with Kilpatrick, Conneff, Chase, and Wefers.

The spectacle of a club arranging for matches with individuals is something new in amateur sport on this side, and, we trust, on the other. If the English Amateur Athletic Association has not entirely lost its sense of duty, it will forbid further negotiations.

The New York A. C. officials ought to know that the proper course to the end of such match-making is through the clubs to which the Englishmen belong. Such individual match-making is professional, and not to be tolerated in amateur athletics.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD

BOSTON.

No one but a member in good standing of one of the university teams will hereafter be allowed to wear the Harvard "H" upon his jersey. The aspiring can no longer use the aspirate; only those who have "arrived" can wear the glorious capital letter. This rule will doubtless deprive many young gentlemen of a good deal of summer glory, but it will hedge around with a new divinity those who are entitled to the honorable jersey.

A final and valiant effort is being made to save the "Bulfinch front," as the State-house by that eminent architect is now called with some justice; for it is not only the front of active war, but it conceals like a false front the inadequacies of the modern "annex" in its rear. The annex is so much larger than the front that the inconsiderate desire to pull down the old building and erect a modern translation of it upon its site. As Governor Long, who is one of the commissioners, once "traduced" Virgil, he may be pardoned perhaps for preferring a translation to the original work of art.

The inhabitants of Cape Cod are easy-going and happy people; true sportsmen, who love their barren woods, jewelled with lakes, and freshened by sea winds from every quarter. Their Arcadian existence is, however, always threatened by the fires which every now and then sweep through the dry pine-trees. Last week the whole population of several towns turned out to fight, with the inherited skill of eight generations, one of the most destructive fires which has ever been known on Cape Cod. Such a battle is worthy of a detailed description, were there space for it. The old fire-fighters have a wonderful craft in starting "back-fires," in beating down the flames in the underbrush, and in the use of sand as a barrier or an extinguisher. A fire in these Cape Cod woods seems to be possessed of the demoniacal craft of a whole tribe of Indians, and the men who have conquered it are entitled to laurel wreaths, if any green leaves can be found in the blackened woods. J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The wreck in Mission Bay of the English ship *Blairmore* recalls to mind the capsizing of the yacht *Mohawk* many years ago in New York Harbor. The accidents are almost identical. The *Blairmore* was struck by a sudden and furious squall, laid on her side, and a rush of water pouring down the companionway, settled rapidly. The tide being low, a large portion of the hulk stood out above water. In both cases the same tragic fate overtook those within the vessel. When the *Blairmore* capsized there were six men in her hold. After the wreck the rescuers, climbing on the uplifted bulwark, heard the cries of the men imprisoned within, who, it is supposed, were floating just beneath in the hold. Volunteers were brought from the iron-works near by, and the steel plates that encased the side were cut away. The rising of the tide, however, was more rapid than the work of the rescuers. Before the opening was quite completed the water rushed in from above, was met by the compressed air within, and boiled through the opening, driving the workmen back. It is supposed that the men in the hold had died either from lack of air or of drowning before the opening was finished. The *Blairmore* will be raised and refitted.

Of all the foreign colonies in San Francisco the Italian is among the most prosperous. They have almost monopolized the trade of the fish and fruit markets in the city, and are successful in their vineyards and ranches in the country. The report read at the recent meeting of the Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony shows how these strangers thrive in the new country. Fifteen years ago the association bought a sheep ranch in Sonoma County of 1500 acres. To-day they have the largest dry-wine vineyard in the State, with wineries and distilleries to match, and their wines are sent through the United States and Europe. The association has spent $3,000,000 in improvements, labor, and materials. In this flourishing and gracious spot they entertain such distinguished Italians as happen to wander this way. Prince Louis of Savoy was their last guest of honor. G. B.

CHICAGO.

Mr. Stephen Crane's novel, *The Red Badge of Courage*, has been the occasion of a most extraordinary aberration of critical judgment on the part of writers who should have known better, both in England and the United States. When the English reviewers discovered the book they simply went daft over it, praising it in highly extravagant terms. They took for granted that it was the work of some battle-scarred (or, possibly, to recall the classical anecdote of the blundering compositor, some battle-*scared*) veteran of our civil war, and informed a startled public that here at last was the real thing; that the genius of Crane had for the first time given to the world a vivid and truthful transcript of the experience of the soldier under fire; that Tolstoy and Stendhal were no longer "in it" with the great *new* American writer. When these sapient critics learned, a little later, that the author was a beardless youth, they stuck courageously to their original position, and said that his work was all the more wonderful. At last a genuine veteran of the war, General A. C. McClurg, of Chicago, has found breath to protest against the monstrous extravagance, and to publish in *The Dial* a communication aptly named "The Red Badge of Hysteria." This communication, which has attracted a good deal of attention in Chicago, describes the book as "utterly without merit," calling it "a vicious satire upon American soldiers and American armies," a "work of diseased imagination," and "a mere riot of words." General McClurg makes his position good by numerous citations, and adds that "respect for our people should have prevented its issue in this country." If there were in our armies a few such maniacs as Mr. Crane's hero, he concludes, "they did not stay when they could get away. Why should they? The army was no healthy place for them, and they had no reason to stay; there was no moral motive. After they had deserted, however, they remained 'loud soldiers,' energetic, and blatant—and they are possibly now enjoying good pensions. It must have been some of these fellows who got the ear of Mr. Crane and told him how they felt and acted in battle." At last accounts the sale of the book has been noticeably stimulated, which was not exactly the intention of the protesting critic, but intentions often fail of their proposed effect, as far as the immediate future is concerned.

It seems that the *Chap Book*, which a week ago was scheduled for departure to New York, is to remain in Chicago after all. Mr. Herbert Stone has repurchased it from his late partner, Mr. Kimball, and will devote himself to pushing this freakish little periodical upon the old lines, although it may eventually expand into something more like a magazine. It will have to shed much of its callowness if it is ever to be taken seriously, but there is always hope for the young.

That the bicycle has come to stay is a proposition now hardly to be disputed. Its triumphant progress has been viewed with concern by various interests that think themselves prejudiced thereby. We have had complaints from the street-car and livery people, the tobacconists and saloon-keepers, the jewellers who sell upon the instalment plan, and many other classes. The clergy, too, have seen with alarm their thin Sunday morning congregations, but they, at least, have taken the bull by the horns, if I may be allowed this mixture of metaphor. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a popular Unitarian preacher of this city, announced a few days ago that bicyclers of both sexes, costumes and all, would be welcome at his church, and that arrangements for checking their wheels during divine services would be made. The innovation has found favor with many of his fellow-clergymen, and the words "bicycles checked free" may soon be expected to form a regular feature of the weekly religious announcements. After all, bicycle costumes are not as startling as Easter bonnets sometimes are, and the importance of *their* function in religious observance has long been recognized.

The University Record is the title of a weekly bulletin of which publication has just been

(*Continued on page 453.*)

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THIS BUSY WORLD

(*Continued from page 451.*)

begun by the University of Chicago. It supersedes the bulky *Calendar* that used to appear quarterly, and contains, besides current announcements, the text of addresses before university audiences, and abstracts of important papers read before the various departmental organizations. The publication, in view of President Harper's lively interest, is popularly known as "Harper's Weekly," and is also, in its way, a journal of civilization.

Secretary Carlisle's address to the working-men of Chicago upon the currency question was an occurrence as timely as it was noteworthy. While it contained little that has not been said over and over again by the advocates of honest money, it marshalled the old arguments and statistics so skilfully that a deep impression was made, and many wavering souls were convinced by its irresistible logic. It reached an audience made up mainly of just the class of men who most need such an exposition of the fundamental principles of monetary science, and there is much evidence that it accomplished its purpose. A few free-silver partisans were present at its delivery, and tried to create a demonstration against the speaker, but they were ignominiously routed, and Mr. Carlisle had the respectful attention of the great majority of his audience. The occasion was peculiarly significant from the fact that Illinois has of late found itself in the forefront of the national struggle between the advocates of honesty and of repudiation, and Mr. Carlisle's address will have no little weight in determining the outcome of this dangerous complication.

One of the Chicago parks is shortly to have a bronze statue of Hans Christian Andersen, provided, of course, that the park authorities—who often inject an uncertain quantity into such calculations—give their consent. At all events, the statue, which is the work of Mr. Johannes Gelert, is already cast, and awaits acceptance. The Danes of the city contributed the necessary funds, and it was only natural that Mr. Gelert, himself a Dane, should receive the commission. The figure is in sitting posture, about eight feet in height, and will be placed upon a pedestal of polished red granite. It is planned to make a children's celebration of the unveiling of the statue early in the coming summer. W. M. P.

THE Board of Health of Brooklyn, in response to an appeal by intelligent citizens in the interest of public health and decency, has requested the presidents of railroads doing business in Brooklyn to post the following notice in their cars:

"Spitting on the floors of public conveyances is a public nuisance and a source of danger to the public health. It is hereby prohibited. COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH."

"Employés of this company are hereby required to enforce the above order of the Health Commissioner. SUPERINTENDENT."

In some cities in New York State the street-car companies have already taken this action, and posted in their cars notices that spitting is prohibited. The notices have some effect in restraining the spitting practice even when not vigorously enforced. Usually, at present, they are not enforced by conductors, but the fact that they are enforceable gives passengers who do not spit valid ground to frown upon offenders. To a very considerable portion of the American public the idea that there is any impropriety in spitting on the floor of a car or on any unoccupied spot anywhere else is absolutely novel. Our brethren who have not been taught better spit in the street, on the floors of hotels, public vehicles, ferry-boats, office buildings, and on any stone or wooden floor anywhere without a suspicion that they are committing a breach of manners. The street-car notices will give them an idea, and we may hope that as these notices spread they may be an agency of real value for the abatement of the evil.

It is true that if the no-treating bill which was lately reported to be on its way through the Ohio Legislature should become a law an appalling abridgment of the liberties of male beings would result. No such word as "what-will-you-take" would be left in the bright lexicon of Buckeye hope, and though possibly some instances of reluctant and impecunious abstinence might result, on the whole the heart sinks a little at the prospect. It will be as well to wait until the bill gets to be a law before shedding any great amount of sympathy over its victims, but the possibilities of it are interesting even while they are still possibilities only. One would like to see the text of the law, and learn whether it is so contrived as to make treating in saloons unlawful without prohibiting citizens from having wine on their own dinner tables in the presence of guests. It would be interesting, too, to know whether the bill prohibits "shaking" or "cutting" for drinks. There are points about treating which a wise law should recognize. There are clubs, like the Saturn Club of Buffalo, where it is a rule that no member shall treat another, but any member may treat a stranger. So if it should become unlawful in Ohio for one Buckeye to set a package of intoxicants before another, hospitality would seem to demand that it should still be lawful for Buckeyes to treat visitors from other States.

Miss Frances Willard praised Commissioner Roosevelt the other day for devoting himself to the public business, and especially to the enforcement of the Sunday-closing law in New York, when he might have had a yacht and been as idle in his easy pleasures as any of the rich. If Mr. Roosevelt enjoys those enlarged circumstances which we are wont to associate with yachtsmen, so much the better for him. There is no one to whom a private fortune comes handier than to an American with a zealous disposition to be useful in public life. No one who praises Mr. Roosevelt for his work as Police Commissioner praises him at all amiss, for he deserves all the commendation he gets; but it is possible that when Miss Willard lauds him for self-sacrificing devotion in being a Police Commissioner when he might be a yachtsman she gives him a particular kind of credit which he would hardly claim. Every man likes his own kind of fun. Mr. Roosevelt's preferred fun is fighting. He likes to hunt big game, likewise foxes; he likes danger and animation in his sports. Probably he would find the desultory yachting of the average yachtsman somewhat dull, but he never has complained that his Police Commissionership was in the least dull. It has been one long, elegant shindy ever since he has had it, and he never has disguised the emotions of gayety and satisfaction which it has afforded him. It is right to praise Mr. Roosevelt for being an efficient Police Commissioner, but to praise him for being a commissioner when he might have been a yachtsman is something like praising a mass of matter for being a comet when it might have been a mummy. Being a comet is better sport than being a mummy any day.

It must have occurred to many newspaper readers who read the list of eminent men who were present at the International Arbitration Conference in Washington last week how much the repose and confidence of the country might be promoted if a large proportion of the members of the conference could only be insinuated into Congress in the places of an equal number of the present members of that body.

The variety of distinguished employments with which the late Léon Say (who died April 21st) busied himself during his seventy years of life is instructive to an American reader, and gives him food for thought. M. Say was the grandson of Jean Baptiste Say, the great French political economist. He married the daughter of the proprietor of the *Journal des Debats*, of which periodical he was editor for many years, and of which he came himself to be the chief proprietor. Political economy was his profession, the *Journal des Debats* his business, but neither of them absorbed all his energies. In 1871 he entered public life as a member of the National Assembly, and in the same year became Prefect of the Department of the Seine. In 1872 he became Minister of Finance for M. Thiers, and again in 1875 for M. Buffet. He was made a Senator in 1875, Member of the Cabinet in 1876 and 1877, Minister of Finance in 1878 and 1879, Ambassador in London in 1880, President of the Senate in 1881, and Minister of Finance again in that year in the De Freycinet cabinet, with which he retired when it fell in 1882. In 1889 he resigned his seat as Senator to enter the Chamber of Deputies in order to take part against Boulanger in the debates. Thus, a political economist by profession, he was prominent for a quarter of a century in the active work of governing France. It does not often happen so in this country. We read Mr. Edward Atkinson's essays and Mr. David A. Wells's tracts, but we do not keep those gentlemen busy managing our concerns in Washington. A knowledge of political economy seems in France to create no presumption against a man's political usefulness.

M. Say had been a Member of the Academy since 1886, when he was chosen to succeed Edmond About.

Mr. Paderewski is a modest and very kindly disposed gentleman. The ten thousand dollars he has left behind him in this country to establish a series of prizes for triennial competition by American composers shows an appreciation of American hospitality which it is pleasant to record. It is a very unusual combination of qualities which enables this remarkable musician to be the adored of ten thousand American virgins and yet to be liked and respected by the adult persons of both sexes who know him. Many personal eccentricities may be forgiven to a great musician, but there is nothing about Mr. Paderewski that requires to be overlooked, not even his hair.

An epidemic of robberies is reported from Vassar College, to the inconvenience and loss of the students and the embarrassment of the college authorities. Gowns and jewelry are stolen, and nobody can imagine who the thieves are. No doubt there is a case of mental aberration at the bottom of the trouble. Adventurous spirits have run away with school-girls and lived to demonstrate the sanity of their intelligence, but it hardly seems possible that any one whose head was right would venture to steal frocks and ornaments in a girls' school.

Barnard College must get $65,000 by the 10th of May or lose a conditional gift of $100,000. The $65,000 is due on the new lot which Barnard has bought, for $160,000, close to the new site of Columbia. The lot was bought for $60,000 cash and a mortgage of $100,000. Last week there was $65,000 still to be paid on the mortgage, and unless it is paid by May 10th a conditional gift of $100,000 for a new building will lapse. Of course the $65,000 must be raised.

Ever since 1796, when Jenner showed that by vaccination that terrible plague small-pox could be in a measure prevented and its contagious qualities checked, there have been opponents of vaccination. Very particularly in England there have been anti-vaccinationists, who have lugged into their arguments moral and religious reasons—anything other than sanitary ones. An instructive case showing what are the actual effects of the anti-vaccinationists has just occurred in Gloucester, England. For a long series of years there has been no such an outbreak of small-pox as now rages there. It seems that, owing to the influence of the anti-vaccinationists, the guardians of the health of Gloucester relaxed their efforts. About the close of February last there were a few sporadic cases of small-pox, and then it spread and spread, until at the beginning of April there were 154 cases. Then the council, too late, did all that was possible to check the infection, but according to the last accounts there were many new cases, and of exceeding virulence. This significant fact is recorded, that out of 90 deaths 74 were unvaccinated.

Baron de Hirsch, or, to give him his full title, de Hirsch de Gereuth, the well-known philanthropist, was born at Munich, Bavaria, in 1833. From his father, who was a wealthy financier, he inherited a large fortune and his title. The first Baron de Hirsch had long enjoyed the confidence of the King of Bavaria, and having aided the government in tiding over some money troubles, was ennobled. The second Baron de Hirsch, after completing his education in Belgium, was sent to London, where he occupied a clerical position in the great banking-house of Bischoffsheim & Goldsmid. Here he remained a number of years, and married one of the Misses Bischoffsheim, whose fortune was very large. Leaving England, he now entered into business on his own account, his attention being principally occupied in railroad construction in middle and southern Europe. It is said that at the outset he was unsuccessful, and that his losses almost ruined him. Finally he obtained an important concession of a continuous railway from Vienna to Constantinople through Buda-Pesth, and to this work he devoted his entire energies. The difficulties were enormous, not alone those of a geographical character, but others arising from political jealousies. He succeeded, through courage and ability, where

BARON DE HIRSCH.

others would have failed. This road, completed, secured to the Baron de Hirsch one of the largest fortunes in Europe. Possessed of a vast amount of money far beyond his needs, although keeping up a large number of establishments in England and on the Continent, he devoted his time and his fortune to ameliorating the condition of the Jewish race. As a Jew, he keenly felt how pitiful were the wants of the Jews in Russia. He organized one of the most vast and complete systems of relief. The immensity of this project can be comprehended only when it is understood that it included the transportation of whole communities of Jews in Russia across the European continent, and then beyond the seas to both North and South America. He founded agencies, with this object in view, in many European capitals and in the leading cities of the United States. It was not only the present condition but the future of the Jewish race he had in mind. In Paris and London he had formed, in the most businesslike way, central bureaus which kept track of his innumerable charities. There is no reason to doubt but that Baron de Hirsch had so far expended $25,000,000 for the above purpose.

His good deeds were by no means confined to his own people; he was known to have contributed many millions of dollars to charitable and educational purposes quite indifferent to creed or race. Baron de Hirsch died at Presburg, Hungary, of apoplexy, on April the 20th.

It seems to be hard work to be a Napoleon of finance. Baron Hirsch was only sixty-three years old when he died, and "Plunger" Pardridge, of Chicago, died the other day at sixty-one. To most normally constituted people to be a wheat-speculator in Chicago seems a dreadful fate. But Pardridge never complained, and as he continued to plunge long after he had made money enough to live in comfort it must be concluded that he liked the excitement of his business. It is probable that he never achieved any realizing sense of what a parody on a human being a Chicago grain-gambler is. He once said that education was not necessary to financial success, and he demonstrated that that was true. But he also demonstrated how hard it is for an uneducated man to get any reasonable fun out of financial success after he has gained it.

E. S. MARTIN.

ATHENS.

THE Olympian Games are no doubt at this moment the centre of attraction in Athens. But to many, if not most, visitors, the life which recalls the great past of ancient Hellas puts all that is modern in the shade. This season has not been without some startling discoveries in archæology and some important additions to the many treasures of ancient art and crafts collected in the museums.

The most startling discovery was made this winter by Mr. Andrews, a member of the American Archæological School here. For many years archæologists have puzzled over the holes which run along the architrave above the pillars on the east end of the Parthenon. They were evidently holes to fasten the bronze letters of some inscription; but no one has ever succeeded in making a close study of these holes, and thus restoring the inscription. Mr. Andrews, with true American pluck and daring, climbed up ladders applied to the front of the temple, and in wind and storm, under the greatest difficulties, he managed to make paper squeezes of these holes and their exact distances from one another, and so has restored a great part of the inscription. It now tells us that "The Council of the Areopagus, the Council of the Six Hundred, and the People of the Athenians dedicate this to Nero, Augustus, Claudius, Son of God, under the office of Novius as Gymnasiarch and under the priestess-ship of ——." It was no doubt an act of flattery to Nero during his sojourn at Athens (64 A.D.), and is in the form commemorating some victory. Most probably it refers to Nero's performance as an actor in the theatre of Dionysos at Athens, which we hear of from other sources. Mr. Andrews, his teachers, Professors Wheeler and Richardson, and the whole American School are to be congratulated on a piece of work which has evoked the applause of the foreign and local archæologists here.

The most interesting additions to the National Museum are three life-size marble statues in excellent preservation,

discovered last year by the French in their excavations on the island of Delos. They were found in an ancient private house, probably of the Roman period, the owner of which had these excellent ancient copies made of famous statues by great masters. They are now being put up in the National Museum here. The finest and most interesting of these, the whole statue almost intact, is a copy of the celebrated *Diadoumenos* (victor tying the band round his head), by Polykleitos of Argos, the contemporary and rival of Phidias. The *Doryphoros* (spear and bearer) and *Diadoumenos* of Polykleitos are mentioned together by Pliny and other ancient authors as very famous statues in antiquity, the former being called the canon, in which that sculptor wished to establish the true proportions of the human figure, and which thus served as a model for the artist world for many generations of Greek sculptors.

Other copies of the Diadoumenos have been identified for some time; so a marble statue found at Vaison in the south of France, now in the British Museum, which is a poor late Roman copy. There is a small bronze in the National Library in Paris; and a very beautiful terra-cotta statuette, over one foot in height, was formerly in the possession of a gentleman at Oxford. I do not know who owns it at present. But by far the finest replica, which must approximate in excellence the original bronze by Polykleitos, is this new marble statue from Delos, which will now form one of the treasures of the National Museum of Athens. This museum, by-the-way, under the able directorship of Mr. Kavvadius, the General Ephor of Antiquities in Greece, is becoming one of the best museums in the world. The Mykenæan Room, with all the gold ornaments, cups, gems, and vases found by Schliemann and Tzountas at Mykenæ (the home of Agamemnon), Tiryns, and Amyklæ, together with the newly arranged vase rooms, the rooms with terra-cottas and bronzes, are unequalled in any museum in existence.

Great activity is also shown in excavations. The French at Delphi have completed the excavation of the sacred way leading through that sanctuary; so that the visitor can now follow the description of the ancient traveller Pausanias as if it were a modern Baedeker. The Director of the French School, M. Homotte, tells me that in a year's time he hopes to have concluded the excavation of Delphi, and will then turn to the completion of that of Delos, which the French began more than ten years ago.

The American School began its excavations at Corinth last week, where Professors Richardson and Wheeler are now at work. Let us wish them good luck. The work of the American School at the Temple of Hera, near Argos, was completed last year after four seasons of excavation. The rich finds are now deposited in a large room in the National Museum here. It is so rich that it will take several years to clean, arrange, and piece together the thousands of objects and fragments found on that important site. Mr. J. C. Hoppin, of Harvard College, who has been assisting Professor Waldstein, has been here all winter, and with Mr. Heermance of Yale College has been doing excellent work on the vases. Mr. De Con of the University of Michigan, who took part in the first campaign four years ago, has returned, and is intrusted with the bronze finds. Professor Waldstein is at work upon the sculpture at this moment.

The excavations of Dr. Doerpfeld of the German School, near the so-called Eneakrounos, are discontinued. But the British School, now under the direction of Mr. Cecil Smith, of the British Museum, London, is excavating on a site to the south of the Acropolis, where they expect to find the ancient Kynosarges. This work is now left in the hands of Mr. Bosanquest of Cambridge, while Mr. Smith is at the island of Melos, where the British School has undertaken promising excavations.

This will be enough to show how stimulating to classical students a season spent in Greece must needs be, and I am glad to find that the number of American scholars who, in connection with the American School here, remain for a whole season, is growing with every year. C. W.

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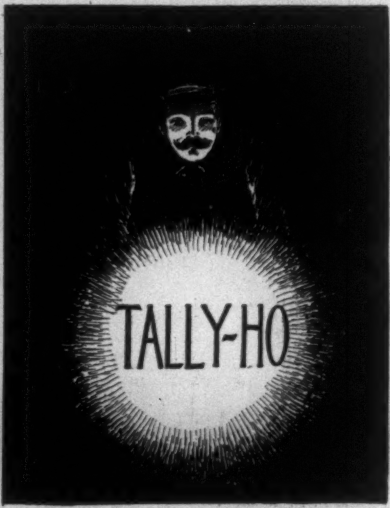

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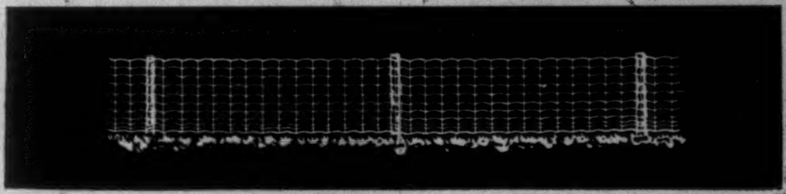

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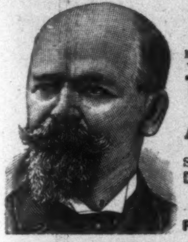

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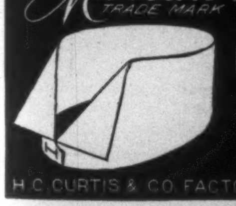

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